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MOUNT MANSFIELD.*



ROCK OF TERROR.

VERMONT is, and perhaps ever will be, the most purely rural of all the older States. Though bordered by Lake Champlain,

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and pretty well supplied with railways, she seems to be aside from any great thoroughfare, and to hold her greenness nearly unsoiled by the dust of travel and traffic. Between the unyielding granite masses of the White-Mountain range on the one side, and the Adirondack Wilderness on the other, lies this happy valley of simple contentment, with its mellow soil and gentler water-courses, its thrifter farmers and more numerous herds, its marble ledges, its fertile uplands, and its own mountains of gentler slope and softened outline.

Nearly through the middle runs the Green-Mountain range, giving rise to a thousand murmuring rivulets and modest rivers, that lapse down through green-browed hills and

crumbling limestone-cliffs and sunny meadow-lands, now turned quickly by a mossy ledge, and now skirting a bit of native forest, until they lose themselves on the one side in the deep-channelled Connecticut, or on the other in the historic waters of Lake Champlain. Quiet industry, pastoral contentment, out-door luxury, and in-door comfort—these are the characteristics that continually suggest themselves to the visitor, wherever he loiters among the valley-farms or pleasant villages of the Green-Mountain State. It impresses him as a land where wealth will seldom accumulate, and men should never decay—whose dwellers may forever praise God for the greenness of the hills, the fertility of the soil, the purity of the streams, the delicious atmosphere, and the mellow sunshine—where the earth extends such a genial invitation to labor that all must be allies, striving together for a living out of the ground, and none need be enemies, scheming to get it out of each other.

If Professor Rogers's theory of mountain-formation be correct—that elevated ranges have been produced by a sort of tidal wave of the earth's once plastic crust—then the Green

Mountains must be the softened undulation that followed the greater billow which crested and broke in Mount Washington and Mount Lafayette, leaving its form forever fixed in the abrupt and rugged declivities of the White Hills and the Franconia group. The Green Mountains form the northern portion of what is known as the Appalachian Chain. Their wooded sides obtained for them from the early French settlers the term *Monts Verts*, and from this phrase is derived the name of the State in which they are situated. The continuation of the range through Massachusetts and Connecticut is also known to geographers as the Green Mountains, but by the inhabitants of those States other names are applied to them—as the Hoosac Mountains, in Massachusetts, for that portion lying near the Connecticut River, and constituting the most elevated portion of the State between this river and the Housatonic; and the Taconic Mountains for the western part of the range, which lies along the New-York line. These ranges extend into Vermont near the southwest corner of the State, and join in a continuous line of hills that pass through the western portion of the State nearly to Montpelier. Without attaining very great elevation, these hills form an unbroken watershed between the affluents of the Connecticut on the east, and the Hudson and Lake Champlain on the west, and about equidistant between them. South from Montpelier two ranges extend—one toward the northeast, nearly parallel with the Connecticut River, dividing the waters flowing east from those flowing west; and the other, which is the higher and more broken, extending nearly north, and near Lake Champlain. Through this range the Onion, Lamolle, and Winooki Rivers make their way toward the lake. Among the principal peaks are Mount Mansfield, Camel's Hump, both situated near Burlington; Killington's, near Rutland; and Asectuney, in Windsor County, near the Connecticut, and which has been illustrated in our article on the Connecticut River.

Mount Mansfield, the highest of the Green-Mountain range, is situated near the northern extremity, about twenty miles, in a direct line east, or a little north of east, from Burlington, on Lake Champlain. This mountain has been less popular among tourists and pleasure-seekers than the White Mountains and the Catskills, principally because its attractions have been little known. The pencil of Gifford has made it familiar to art-lovers; but literature has so far done little toward making its peaks, cliffs, and ravines, known to the general public. That it possesses points of interest and picturesque features quite as worthy the appreciation of lovers of Nature as the White Mountains or the Catskills do, Mr. Fenn's illustration fully shows. Of recent years, it has been more visited than formerly; and a good hotel at Stowe, five miles from its base, has now every summer its throng of tourists. There is also a Summit House, situated at the base of the highest peak known as the Nose, where travelers may find plain but suitable accommodation if they wish to prolong their stay on the mountain-top overnight. Mansfield is conveniently reached by rail from Burlington to Waterbury Station, on the Vermont Central Railway; and thence by Con-

cord coaches ten miles to Stowe. From Stowe a carriage-road reaches to the summit of the mountain.

As in the case of nearly all mountains, there is some difference in the various estimates of the height of Mansfield, the most generally accepted statement being four thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet—a few hundred feet in excess of the highest of the Catskills. Popularly, the summit of Mansfield is likened to the up-turned face of a giant, showing the Nose, the Chin, and the Lip. It is not difficult, with a little aid of the imagination, to trace this profile as the mountain is viewed from Stowe. The Nose, so called, has a projection of four hundred feet, and the Chin all the decision of character indicated by a forward thrust of eight hundred feet. The distance from Nose to Chin is a mile and a half.

The ascent of the mountain is not difficult, which the hardy pedestrian would be wise to attempt on foot. Carriages from Stowe make the journey at regular periods. The ride up the steep road-way is full of interest, the changing views affording momentarily new and beautiful pictures. The mountain, until near the summit, is very heavily timbered; and the glimpses downward, through entanglements of trees into the deep ravines, are full of superb beauty. Neighboring peaks continually change their positions; lesser ones are no longer obscured by their taller brothers; while successive ravines yawn beneath us. Now the road passes over a terraced solid rock, and now it jolts over the crazy scaffolding of a corduroy-bridge, that spans a chasm in the mountain-side; soon the forest-growths begin to thin out perceptibly; and at last we reach the Summit House, amid masses of bare rocks, at the foot of the huge cliff known as the Nose.

The path up the Nose, on its western side, is quite as rugged as the ordinary climber will wish; but, with the help of the cable, its ascent may be accomplished. The view from the top is one of the finest in our country. To the eastward are the White Mountains, dwindled by distance. The isolated and symmetrical form of Asectuney rises to the southeast. Southward are Camel's Hump and Killington Peak, and innumerable smaller elevations of the Green-Mountain range—respectable and respected in their own townships, doubtless, but here losing much of their individual importance, like monstrosities at a fair. Westward lies a considerable expanse of lowland, with many sparkling streams winding about among the farms and forests and villages, the city of Burlington in the distance, and beyond them the beautiful expanse of Lake Champlain, with the blue ridges of the Adirondacks serrating the farthest horizon. The difficulty, however, with all views from mountain-tops is, to find an occasion when the atmosphere is sufficiently clear to take in the prospect. Mr. Fenn was three days on the summit of Mansfield, during all which time a dense, gray vapor enveloped all the facial features of that grand profile, and veiled the surrounding scene as completely as the curtain at the play shuts from view the splendors behind it. At last, the misty veil lifted a little; and the result was a glimpse,

through this parting vapor, of Lake Champlain and the distant Adirondacks.

Smuggler's Notch is one of the most interesting features of this mountain. In the far West this notch would be called a cañon. It differs from the cañons of the Sierras mainly in being more picturesque and beautiful—not so ruggedly grand as those rocky walls, it must be understood, but the abundant moisture has filled it with superb forest-growth, has covered all the rocks with ferns and lichens, has painted the stone with delicious tints. The sides of the Notch rise to an altitude of about a thousand feet, the upper verge of the cliffs rising above the fringe of mountain-trees that cling to their sides. The floor of the Notch is covered with immense boulders and fallen masses of rocks, which in this half-lighted vault have partly crumbled, and given foothold for vegetation. Mosses and ferns cover them, and in many instances great trees have found nourishment in the crevices, sometimes huge, gnarled roots encircling the rocks like immense anacondas. The painter could find no more delightful studies in color than this scene affords. At the time visited by the artist there had been a three days' rain. The stream that flowed through the gorge was swollen into a torrent. Over the top of every cliff came pouring extemporized water-falls and cascades, while the foliage, of fairly tropical abundance, shone with a brilliant intensity of green. Smuggler's Notch has a hundred poetical charms that deserve for it a better name. It is so called because once used as a hiding-place for goods smuggled over the Canada border.

THE STORY OF A SONG.

I.

MONSIEUR LAMAR had achieved an extraordinary success as manager of the Théâtre Aubresson. Possessed of many qualifications to render him a favorite with the public, he had but little difficulty in attracting large audiences to his opera-house from the first of the season; and, before it was half over, not an *impresario* in Paris had a more enviable reputation than M. Lamar.

But the best of seasons must come to an end. The public, the musicians, and M. Lamar himself, all needed rest. The summer vacation-time had arrived, and the Théâtre Aubresson closed its doors.

"What shall I do with my holiday?" mused the manager. "One cannot rest in Paris, and I have no liking for the country. I believe I shall travel. But where? Ah, I have it; a turn in quiet England for a month or two—that will be the thing."

M. Lamar had drifted to Warham. The town, though large, is just quiet enough to be pleasant for ramblers; the hotels are excellent; and there is some fine scenery in the neighborhood. Altogether the manager was quite satisfied that he had gone there, and in no great hurry to get away.

M. Lamar sat at his open window. The soft twilight was gently touching the leaves and grasses with its sombre hues. Stray

zephyrs kissed the flowers in the garden below, and then winged their way upward, laden with stolen sweetness. There was a soothing sound of steady footfalls on the sidewalk, and the splash of a little fountain across the way added a nameless charm to the quiet scene. He sat and dreamed delightful dreams, with his eyes open, until the shadows grew deeper and deeper, and the gas-lights began to twinkle here and there. At last one of these near by began a curious freak. It danced, and sparkled, and grew until it became a great chandelier, with a thousand jets of flame. The dusky walls near it grew bright, and closed in around the manager, and he gazed once more on the grand orchestra and brilliant audience of the Théâtre Aubresson. The curtain is just about to rise, and the musicians are playing a well-known symphony. But they seem to have a surprise in store for him. As the *finale* approaches, the instruments take up a new strain, unlike anything he has ever heard. It fills him at one moment with ecstasy, and the next he listens in breathless anxiety for what seems lost in chaos. The last grand chord is made; he can contain himself no longer; regardless of the audience, he rushes toward the leader to see the score—but the movement brings him back to the hotel in Warham, and he beholds only the lights twinkling in the street, and the dusky forms of the houses and the passers-by.

"Paf!" said he, rubbing his eyes, "I must have heard music while I slept. Ah, there is what made my dream!" As he spoke, the mellow tones of a violin floated up to the window; but the air was simple, and totally unlike the one that the manager had just heard in his dream-created theatre.

II.

M. LAMAR was wide awake this time. There was no phantom opera-house or orchestra in view, but the *aria* came again. A little Italian boy, at the street-corner, was playing the same melody that had produced such remarkable effects the evening before. It did not sound quite so strange now, but still it was strikingly original and peculiarly fascinating.

"Where did you learn that tune, my little musician?" asked M. Lamar.

"Of Herr Weimann, signor," answered the boy.

"And who is Herr Weimann? Where does he live?"

"In the Red-cross Street, signor. He has a school for music. I live close by, and he teaches me a tune sometimes for a little work I do him."

"And what is your name?"

"Victor Staliozi, signor."

"Well, Victor, here is a shilling. Will you show me the place where Herr Weimann lives?"

"Oh, yes, signor," exclaimed the boy, his eyes brightening at the sight of the bit of silver. And so the two set out for Red-cross Street.

This street was in a very modest quarter of the town, and the house they sought was an unpretending one indeed. The boy led the way to an upper floor, and pointed out a door

bearing the sign: "Herr Weimann, Teacher of Music."

Mr. Lamar's rap was answered by a thin, meek-looking man, unmistakably a German. His eye was bright, but wistful, and his air that of one whom the world had used sadly.

"Herr Weimann, I presume?" said the visitor.

"Yes, sir," answered the German, inquiringly.

"I am a musician," explained M. Lamar, giving his name, "and am anxious to learn something about an *aria* you taught to a little Italian boy who brought me here—and who, I find, has gone."

"Will you come in, sir?"

The apartment was very much what the neighborhood would have led one to suspect. The furniture was old, and all the appointments had the faded look that sat on their owner; but every thing was as neat as poverty could afford to make it.

"If you please," said M. Lamar, "I will hum the air, and ask you to be kind enough to tell me what it is and where I can find it."

As he did so, Herr Weimann's quiet face lighted up with a glow of eager interest, and, scarcely waiting for it to be finished, he exclaimed:

"It is mine."

"Ah! I suspected so. Allow me to ask why you have never published so good a thing. I surely would have heard it before this if you had not so jealously kept it to yourself."

The composer's face grew sad again, and some hard lines came about his mouth before he answered.

"I thank you much for your compliments. I have had no wish to keep my music from the world, but publishers and managers appear to be always afraid of new or strange things."

Here was the same old story again. M. Lamar guessed it all, and his kindly sympathy soon drew the composer to tell of his hard labors, his struggles, and his failures. Those among whom his lot had fallen never cared enough for his music to examine into its real merits. Publishers laughed at his compositions, until, stung to the quick, he had retired within himself, and at last even begun to doubt whether his works were of any value.

Of course M. Lamar wanted to know more of Herr Weimann and his music, and begged the composer to sing the air that had brought about his visit.

"I do not sing," said Herr Weimann, apologetically; then, opening the door of an inner room, he called:

"Leonore!"

In answer to this call a girl of some twenty summers quickly appeared. She bore such a strong resemblance to the master of the house that it was easy to know that she was his daughter. The cares that haunted their humble home had thrown some shadows across her face, yet it still was full of the freshness of childhood, and the eager hopes of youth. She was quite pretty, and her manner shadowed forth a beauty of a more exalted kind than that of the mere external form and features.

"This is my daughter Leonore, M. Lamar," said Herr Weimann, as she approached. "She sings, and will, no doubt, oblige you with the air you are so kind as to desire. 'My Faded Flowers,' he added to her. With ready compliance she seated herself at the antiquated piano, and sang, with a clear and pleasing voice, a touching little story of love, and hope, and disappointment.

M. Lamar was more charmed than ever, and, when he took his leave, resolved that the invitation to come again which his new acquaintance extended should not be neglected. He was much interested in Herr Weimann, more still in his daughter, and, most of all, in the song; and he determined to know more of all three, and to learn what else this obscure man had done that was as strange and fascinating as the composition which he had already heard.

For a month the manager lingered at Warham, and during that time became so well acquainted with the musician and his daughter, and was so much pleased with the music he had continued to hear, that he resolved to do something for the advancement of his new friends. When he left them it was with the assurance that he would not forget their interests.

He was as good as his word. In a little town near Paris he found a place as teacher for Herr Weimann, which gave promise of vastly better fortune than had come to him as an humble lodger in Red-cross Street.

And there we find the musician two years after he had first met his patron. He had done well, at least as far as money goes, and prosperity had chased away most of the shadows that rested on him when he had quitted Warham.

Meanwhile, M. Lamar had continued to be very successful in his management of the Théâtre Aubresson, and Herr Weimann was after his honored guest.

III.

THE audience in the Théâtre Aubresson was in a buzz of pleasurable expectation. A popular opera, by a well-known *mestro*, was to be reproduced after a brief withdrawal, and a full house awaited the event. When the curtain rose, everybody was in a state of mind favorable to the composition they were to hear, and, being willing to be pleased, they gave themselves up to its charms from the beginning. When the performance was near its close, M. Lamar thought he saw a good opportunity for trying a long-thought-of experiment. Before the commencement of the last act he briefly announced that, after the close of the opera, he would introduce something not promised on the programme, if the audience would remain.

The opera was ended. After a short intermission, the orchestra commenced a strange prelude, and the curtain rose on a new and beautiful scene. In the shady recesses of a grand old forest wandered an unhappy maiden, lamenting her separation from her lover. With sweet yet weird power rose the notes of "My Faded Flowers." The effect was electric. M. Lamar had counted rightly on the temper of his audience. They could hardly restrain their applause until the

final cadence had died away, and then it broke forth in a perfect hurricane. There was no cessation until the conductor again raised his baton, and the prima-donna prepared to repeat the song.

As soon as the second storm of approval allowed, the manager came forward and said: "May it please the audience, I will briefly relate the story of the song you have just heard. Two years ago I learned from a little street musician the air you have so graciously received to-night. I found through him its neglected author: a man whom Fortune had not favored, and who had been forced into poverty while he held treasures of music, that ought long ago to have made himself and others rich. We soon became intimate, and I found that this air was one of a remarkable series which he had skillfully blended together into an opera. I determined that sometime the public should hear them; but, whatever may have been my estimate of their merit, it was impossible to tell how they would be received, and I determined that the composer should never know through me the mortification of a public disapproval. I have carefully kept my intentions from him, managing to get the score of the music you have heard without his knowledge. There is now no longer any need of concealment. The *maestro* must know his triumph, and, with his permission, I propose to present to you in due time the entire work, from which we have heard to-night so remarkable a fragment."

Again the tumult was renewed. The people did all in their power to express their indorsement of the manager and his friend, and the call for a second *encore* was too genuine to be disregarded.

Now, Herr Weimann happened to be unexpectedly in Paris the very evening that "Faded Flowers" was introduced at the Théâtre Aubresson, and, late in the evening, he thitherward bent his steps. Entering by the stage-door, he was passing toward the front, when the orchestra struck up, for the third time, the prelude to the new song. For a few moments he was confounded by the strange familiarity of the music, and then, as the truth flashed on him, stood as one transfixed. Thus M. Lamar found him in retiring from the stage a few moments later.

"You here, Herr Weimann!" he cried, in unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, thank God, I am here," answered the musician, sinking to a seat; "here to feel that my life-long labor has not been in vain. At last I have my reward."

With a look of heart-felt thankfulness and radiant joy, Herr Weimann sat and listened to the realization of his dream. Again the delighted audience gave vent to their approval, and, before the composer could protest against it, M. Lamar had dragged him before the curtain.

"This," said the manager, "is the master who has given us so much pleasure this evening. He came upon me unawares. Ladies and gentlemen of the audience, Herr Weimann, the composer of 'Faded Flowers.'"

The triumph was too much for the man who had so suddenly come to fame. He vainly endeavored to say something to express his

gratitude for the greeting he received; the footlights began to reel around him, and he fainted and fell to the floor.

There was great commotion in the theatre for a few moments, but it was quieted by the announcement that there was no danger, and that Herr Weimann would soon be himself again; and, as further demonstrations were then out of the question, the audience quietly withdrew.

The next morning all the opera-goers of Paris were talking of the strange events at the Théâtre Aubresson, and the manager and the composer were in close conference about the production of the new opera.

For some months after this conference the composer had his hands full in correcting and preparing his work for the stage. It was found impossible to have it ready for that season, and arrangements were accordingly made for presenting it early in the next one.

When the long-thought-of time at last arrived, the Théâtre Aubresson was filled to its utmost capacity with an audience eager to hear Herr Weimann's "Karl and Louise." The story around which the music had been woven was very simple, but very touching. The heroine, *Louise*, having given her love to *Karl*, a poor artist, whose talent had gained him admission to her princely home, a proud father blighted both lives by a stern refusal to sanction their union. The artist goes to a distant place, where he vainly struggles to make for himself that name and fortune which might enable him to claim his love. At last a mortal disease seizes the long-suffering man, and, painfully making his way back to the home of his sweetheart, that he may, perchance, see her again before he dies, his strength fails, and he is forced to accept the refuge offered by a convent. Heart-broken at the loss of her lover, *Louise* had withdrawn from the world, and now, as a Sister of Charity, ministering to the wants of the sick, she once more meets *Karl*. While she bemoans the cruel fate that sundered their lives in this world, he endeavors to cheer her with hopes of a reunion in a better land, and her love, at last overleaping all the vows and limitations of time, she promises that she will be to him there what she can now never be here. Full of joyous anticipation, he breathes his last in her arms. And thus the sad story ended.

The earliest movements of the overture were warmed by a strange fire that blazed out grandly in the higher themes that followed; and, from the first scene to the last, the same power was manifested that M. Lamar had detected in "Faded Flowers."

The same genuine approbation which had been given to that, was accorded to its companion pieces, and, when the opera ended, many tearful eyes gave a tribute to its power, far greater than any that words could express.

The day after the first performance of "Karl and Louise," M. Lamar was an early caller at Herr Weimann's house. After renewing the congratulations of the evening before, the manager said: "*Maestro*, you have lived to see the aim of your life accom-

plished; I have not yet attained mine. I am much in love with music, but more with a sweet girl I know. *Maestro*, I thought it a good time to rob you while you feel so rich. Can you spare me the *Fräulein Leonore*?"

"Ah," replied the composer; "I more than suspected long ago that I should have to give her up to you some day, and there is no reason why I should not. She will make you a good wife, for she has been to me the best of daughters."

Herr Weimann has long gone to his rest, and M. Lamar, though he still carries, is no more found in the busy walks of life. He is a very old man now, and years ago left the field of labor to younger hands. But the remembrances of the past are still fresh in his mind. One of his chief delights is to recall the great musical events of by-gone days, and on none of these does he dwell with so much pleasure as Herr Weimann's triumph at the Théâtre Aubresson.

JOHN H. SNIVELY.

A VISIT TO OUR STATE-PRISONS.

III.—SING-SING PRISON.

THE fact that this article is but three pages long will quickly deprive the reader of the idea that it may fulfill the implied promise of its title, and tell all about Sing-Sing Prison.

It would, indeed, be hard to convey to another, by the use of some six thousand words, a full appreciation of this or of any institution of its kind; for a prison is like a mountain—vast, mournful, affording innumerable spectacles, suggesting endless queries, and having, like a mountain, its causes and foundations planted fearfully deep beneath the surface whence it is viewed.

This is and can be, therefore, but a trifling sketch of a hasty step within the precincts of the prison at Sing Sing.

The day on which the relater made the journey up the river from New York was peculiarly gloomy. The western shores of the Hudson were hidden by a dense mist, and the clouds hung low overhead, and there was a cold but intermittent rain. The villages along the route seemed deserted, and were silent; the roofs glistened with the wet; the few horses at the stations hung their heads; and a slow wind moved the bare branches of the trees. One could not have selected a fitter day to visit a great jail.

In one of the forward cars there was a young man of twenty-five, who was on his way to prison, in charge of a sheriff. His wrists were manacled before him, and he sat in a corner of his seat, with his felt hat pulled over his eyes. Now and then he moved his hands, and the people about him heard the rattle of his chain.

When he descended from the train at Sing Sing, a woman also descended, and approached him, weeping violently. It was his sister. It seemed to have been arranged that she should meet him here, for the party, on her arrival, immediately started to walk to the

prison, which was half a mile to the south of the station.

The sister turned up the collar of her brother's coat to protect his neck from the rain, and pulled the rim of his hat upon one side, so that it might shield his face. Then, gathering the hood of her water-proof cloak over her head, she went on beside him, while the sheriff, linking his arm in his prisoner's, conducted him on his unhappy journey. The roughness of their road, which lay over the railway track, caused them to sway from one side to the other, and to lose their steps; and, stumbling and spattering the water with their feet, they disappeared in the fog.

Visitors to the prison are compelled to take a somewhat roundabout course to reach it.

You ascend a rough and straggling street through a somewhat untidy border of the village of Sing Sing, and, after some difficulty, you find yourself upon a lofty elevation, along the top of which runs the path you are to take. This path is badly cared for, and there is no fence between it and the precipice. As you walk on, you look down upon the river, the little wharves at its edge, the railway, and upon the tops of the houses.

The first belongings of the prison that are to be seen from this road are a few small, square watch-towers, built of wood, and perched upon the rocky acclivities to the eastward. The area occupied by the prison is not inclosed by a wall, but by guard-houses, placed, at longer or shorter intervals, entirely around it.

As you approach one of these little guard-houses, you become conscious of being scrutinized. From out a small, brown kiosk, fastened in some curious way upon a rock, and apparently in great danger of falling off, there looks a man, and perhaps two men. They seem to be entirely at ease, for they lean against the casings of the windows; but yet their eyes follow you with great persistence. In case you should turn your head, you will perceive still another sentry-house near by, containing two or three more gazers, all strictly and mutely intent upon you; beyond this there will be another, in which the occupants, though lessened to children by distance, still possess the glances of giants; and, farther off yet, and very diminutive, will be a group of pigmies in dolls'-houses, busy staring, like all the rest. It is almost impossible to carry yourself like an honest man, under such supervision, and you recall cases where escaped criminals have been arrested in consequence of a pace that proved them to have marched in prison-files, or because of a leg that dragged a little in walking.

Once within the limits of the prison-grounds, however, you are relieved from this scrutiny, and you are thus enabled to look about you with ease.

To the right, half-way down the hill, measuring from its top, is the entrance to the prison proper.

The building is of grayish white, and it has a solid and somewhat imposing look.

You descend two or three flights of marble steps, and enter a door. To the right hand is the room in which visitors await

their turn to be shown the prison, and where the friends of the convicts meet them to converse, and to utter their condolences. It is the Hall of Sighs. When the writer first looked into it, there were three prisoners there, clad in their coarse uniform of white-and-black stripes. One of these was a gray-haired and somewhat feeble man, an Irishman. His wife had brought him a small basket of trifles, such as socks, handkerchiefs, and under-clothing; and she was whispering earnestly in his ear. Her trembling right hand lay in his, and the other wandered from her eyes to his shoulder and neck as she caressed him, and then back again to staunch her ever-flowing tears. The officer in charge stood close by, taking the presents out of the basket, carefully searching them, and afterward throwing them upon the floor in a careless heap.

On the opposite side of the apartment, in the middle of a settee, sat a smiling German, with a boy of twelve years on one side, and a girl of seventeen on the other. The boy leaned his elbows upon the marked knee of the father, and looked up at him and laughed. He seemed to be telling a funny story, for the girl laughed too, and the man seemed to be very well pleased that his joke had taken so well.

The other group was composed of a father and son. The son was the prisoner. The father was stern and silent, and looked resolute, and the boy, sullen and determined, also sat dumb like the other, whom he much resembled. They were throwing away the few precious moments which the prison-rules allowed them for intercourse in a mutual exhibition of the same mulish temper that had no doubt operated pretty effectually in getting the young man into his quandary.

In the room across the passage was the office in which the prison-books were kept; that is, where the accounts with Liberty were opened, carried on, balanced, and closed up; where Freedom was credited with rascals, and debited, in most cases, with the same.

In this apartment, which contained a large desk, stood the young man who had come from the city, together with his sister and the sheriff. Behind the desk was a clerk. He also was a convict, and he wore the uniform. He was smart, dictatorial, and he had his hair brushed smartly. It was said that he was "going out" in a month. He brought an immense book, and opened it with some difficulty, and, taking a pen from behind his ear, tried it a little upon his knuckle. Then he dipped it in the ink, and cried to the fresh prisoner, "Come here!" The man advanced, taking off his cap, while the sheriff followed, together with the sister. She dreaded each new formality, and she looked more and more distressed as the category which ensued went on:

"What is your name?"—"Where were you born?"—"What is your age?"—"Catholic or Protestant?"—"Have you ever been in prison before?" At the latter question, which was coolly put, like all the rest, the sister uttered a loud sob, while the brother changed over to the other foot, and cast a glance around the room. He was a short and not ill-featured fellow, but he had that half-rough,

half-dandy appearance, both in his face and his dress, that distinguishes a certain class of young villain-worshippers that one sees lounging about low liquor-rooms in the city.

The clerk calmly tried his pen for a few seconds, and then, with a somewhat blasé manner, asked—

"Where?"

"Auburn, sir."

"What for?"

"They said I take sunthin'."

The clerk inscribed "Burglary," spelling the word as the pen ran along.

In a moment more the short history of the present crime was entered, and the first form was thus complied with.

The clerk put his pen behind his ear, shut up his immense book, and nodded to the sheriff, who handed him some papers, which he examined, now and then glancing up from them at the prisoner to verify the description that he was reading. Then he gave a receipt to the officer, while a prison-keeper assumed the custody of the man. Then he was told to "come along."

This was the moment of separation.

This sister fixed her large, glistening eyes upon his, and he made a half-reluctant step toward her. She caught him suddenly in her arms, and, placing her head upon his shoulder, wept bitterly for a moment. There was an instant of silence.

Then she looked up and said, "Good-by." They exchanged a kiss. On his part it was earnest, and perhaps awkward, but upon hers it was graceful and heart-felt beyond description. She hung upon his neck and caressed him, saying, half aloud and half in a whisper, "Good-by, Jem, don't give up, poor boy. You'll be out again soon. I'll come every week, sure. Don't—don't break the rules, Jem. Oh—oh—good-by—good-by!"

Her hands slipped down inch by inch, and her head sank upon her bosom, and the other, with heaving breast but a calm face, walked slowly backward toward the door with his eyes fixed upon her trembling figure. Her bent head and her attitude of sorrow touched him again, and he was about to return, when he caught the sheriff's eye. It was a good time to go. He turned about, and, after a quick and resolute step or two, was out of sight. The officer led him down a pair of stone steps, and he was then well within the prison, and out of the world. He had been convicted of breaking and entering, and he was to be incarcerated for six years.

The steps which this prisoner descended lead to another hall-way, through which one passes to reach the yard. It is the only path by which people can penetrate to the interior of the terrible place.

On that particular day nothing could have been more gloomy than the aspect of this interior. Part of the ground is paved, another part is formed of hard paths, and the remainder of mud and small pools of water, which the rain has swollen. On either hand are low, whitish buildings of stone.

These form the northern and southern walls. The western wall consists of the enormous dormitory that one sees from the car-windows just after passing through the

tunnel. It has accommodations for a thousand men, but twelve hundred now sleep in it.

In other words, there are four hundred convicts that, for fourteen hours in each twenty-four, live, move, and sleep, in spaces that a stern and retributive law decreed should be just large enough for two hundred, and no more.

The fourth limit of the square is the broad gray river, whose swift current, filled with floating masses of ice, sweeps noiselessly by under a heavy canopy of mist.

Within this quadrangle are the shops in which the prisoners are occupied in a vain endeavor to earn enough to pay the cost of their imprisonment. In this shop were a few hundred making shoes; in this were a few hundred making saddlery hardware; in this were a few hundred laundering garments for the shops, and so on.

The shops generally run east and west, but some run north and south. Most of them are old, and of rough construction. The spaces between them are difficult to cross, on account of the mire. Their windows are soiled; their doors are not closely fitted, and the floors are rough. When the writer entered, he found that the men bore themselves neither like prisoners nor yet like workers, and yet hardly like picnickers. Their conduct partook of the characteristics of all of these three classes. They neither labored humbly, nor laughed nor dozed openly, yet they did what they did as if they had made up their minds that it was quite as well to pretend to do it as to pretend not to do it.

The keepers seemed rather bored at the whole thing. They sat, as is usual, upon elevated seats. They looked, half aimlessly, here and there, and they took the easiest of positions. There was an almost entire absence of that fierce, unflinching supervision that one notices in other prisons; of that stern, armed, double-shotted control that fills the gaoler with apprehension, and makes the convict a slave. In some of the shops the lack of discipline amounted to a fault. In these the men seemed to labor pretty much as they liked, which is very nearly equivalent to saying that they did not labor at all.

Some of them looked out at the windows; some others sat down and meditated; some others went languidly through the form of doing something; some others lounged boldly and openly.

Still, here was a prison; here was a great community of twelve hundred wretches whom society had cast out as unfit to live within it. Here was an immense museum of deformities, a tremendous aggregation of the vilest of our kind.

You go from one shop into another, and you still see prisoners; you pass into another, and you see more; into another, and you see more yet; you ascend the stairs, and you still find another hundred, clad in the hideous striped suit; you go through this door, and you still see nothing but the cropped heads and the shaven faces; through that, and your satiated eyes and your tired sympathies are greeted with yet another throng of villains, jailed and marked.

One of the first things you will say to yourself will be: "This is a dead pool; this is

an ill secretion in the body politic that is so huge that it provides its own poison with which it is kept poisoned. It is too large. Here are too many spoiled souls in one place; the delicate operations of reform cannot go on in such a ponderous mass. So much sin becomes, in a manner, dignified in its immense volume and variety, and virtue seems paltry and impossible. The beseechings of the missionaries and the Christian teachers tell upon such fearful odds as one's breath might serve to cool a volcano. Such a prison as this ingrains as much sin, and acts as a school for as much sin, as it ever punishes; and, when it is overcrowded, it is only itself flowing back upon itself."

You are told that our State-prisons are all great blunders; that there is not one of them that is any thing else than a simple receptacle for the refuse of society; a place into which the unfortunate and the wicked are swept together, and treated solely as riddances. How much of a blunder, then, must that prison represent whose tenants are permitted to become so numerous that they form a city, a world, possessing a spirit of so awful a mien that all sympathy and charity languish and fall before it!

One of the best methods by which the fullest appreciation of the terrors of prison-life may be had by a looker-on is to watch a convict performing a counterpart of some act that he had been accustomed to perform when a free man. For instance, if you can look in upon a prisoner, and see him asleep in his cell, his attitude, his heavy breathing, and even the calm expression of his wicked face, will seem to you to be exaggerated, and to possess extraordinary attributes. Even in his gait you will distinguish, or will fancy you can distinguish, qualities that it could never have possessed in the open air.

The writer had the good fortune to be present when the convicts ate their dinner. It was given them in an immense low hall in the centre of the yard. They came in from the shops in files of twenty or thirty, guarded by their keepers, and marching in the usual lock-step. The hands of each man were placed upon the shoulders of his comrade before him. They passed into the hall by two doors, one at its upper end, and one at its lower. They seated themselves upon narrow board benches, before narrow board tables, eighteen inches wide. Before each man had been placed a tin pan containing a very thick broth, a pint of water in a can, and a huge piece of coarse bread. For every four men there was a block of wood, with a small cavity in its top. This was full of salt.

There were accommodations for all the convicts that the prison contained. Therefore twelve hundred men sat down at once to the meal.

The noise they made in coming in was as loud as thunder. The tramping and stamping of their heavy feet upon the walks without, and the flags within, echoed and re-echoed until one's words to his guide were drowned by the noise.

The rules prevent the visitor from penetrating the hall, and he is obliged to stand in the rear. He thus sees nothing but the backs of the convicts as they eat their food. Still

this is enough. One does not often look upon twelve hundred honest men seated at table, and the picture of twelve hundred voracious, devouring convicts is indeed impressive.

The hall was so low and so long that the gloomy light which came in through the dusty windows did not permit one to see its farther end. Its ceiling was supported by rows of iron pillars, which ran its entire length. Therefore, standing near the last bench of prisoners, nothing was to be seen but a sea of restless heads bent slightly forward, and in perpetual motion, a little to the right, or a little to the left, or a little upward, or a little downward. This sea lost itself in the distance, and, as far as the eye could reach on that dark day, there were those uneasy heads in perpetual motion.

On the outskirts of the throng were the guards and keepers. There were a great many of them, and they kept a strict watch. They wore their coats and caps, and they stood near the walls, though there were a few that moved about in the aisles.

When a prisoner had eaten all his bread and wanted more, he would raise his hand above his head. The keeper, on seeing it, would beckon to the waiters, who were also prisoners, and who stood in the rear of the hall. They would then go with their filled baskets and supply the man. Midway in the meal these mute appeals were often made, and it reminded one of a country-school to see the impatient hands waving to and fro in the air. The prisoners ate with rapidity, and with a certain wolfishness. The air was filled with the sounds of the spattering soup and the clattering of the cans upon the hard table-tops, and with the smacking of lips.

The men sat so close together that it was impossible to see the forms of any but those in the last row. The first prisoner in this row—that is, the one at the extreme end, and therefore the leader of his file—was a short, stout man, of forty years of age. The rapidity of his movements was startling. His lightning-like glances, the nervous jerkings of his arms, the quick motions of his head, made him seem dangerous. The next man was an old, bent gray-head, who ate slowly and feebly, and whose hands shook as he reached for his bread. The next was a tall, red-haired, powerful Irish boy of twenty, with white and freckled hands and face. About his right ankle was riveted a manacle an inch and a half broad, and attached to it was a heavy chain, which was long enough to reach up above his waist, and to the end of the chain was fastened a huge ball of iron. This ball of iron he supported on his knees while he ate his soup and bread. The next convict was a pale lad of twenty, with a cruel visage. He was moody, and he ate little; he rested his elbow on the table, and supported his head in his hand. The next man was a giant, with a monstrous back and neck, and with the countenance of a devil; he ate savagely, and he took the portion of his neighbor's food that was left unconsumed. And so on down the row. As one took the pains to scrutinize each set of features, and each figure and pose, each came to seem remarkable and

tragic. When some accident revealed a distinct form and countenance, it would appear that that one must, in consequence of its strange and wicked appearance, be really more strange and more wicked than any of its hundred neighbors.

As the convicts satisfied their hunger and thirst, they leaned back from their platters and sat in silence, furtively looking here and there all over the room. Most of the noises ceased, and the dashing and beating of the rain upon the windows and in the court-yard could be distinctly heard. It became more quiet yet. Still the time that was allowed for the meal did not end. The minutes seemed to linger. Finally, all had finished, and were calmly waiting. The clock ticked upon the wall, the guards stood like statues, the waiters fell back and leaned with folded arms in the door-ways of the kitchen, and all was in waiting. Occasionally some one in the vast assemblage scuffed his feet or coughed, but these breaks upon the quietude only made the stillness more—shall I say?—vivid.

At last a loud gong-bell clanged one beat from the desk of the head-keeper.

Instantly every convict was upon his feet. The noise made by their rising sounded like the roar of a flood of water. They began at once to march out into the yard on their ways to their shops. The heads of the files folded their arms, the men in their rear placed their hands upon the shoulders of those that immediately preceded them, and, with their heads down to watch the step, they moved forward. The men on the last bench went first. The leader walked too rapidly, and the old man hastened after him with outstretched hands; and the manacled boy pursued him, with his chain caught in his fingers, and with the ball on his arm, making a dismal clanking at every pace; all the others followed hastily; another file brought up the rear of this, and still another and another came after, and so the great and fearful coil began slowly to uncoil.

In wandering through the hospitals a short time after this, the writer came, with his guide, upon the tailor-shop of the prison, a room in which all the garments of the convicts are repaired by those of the prisoners that are skilled in such work.

Near the entrance to this room was a small closet, in which the men who are about to enter the prison exchange their citizen's dress for the garb of the convict.

In this closet was, at that moment, the young man who had been admitted to the prison a little while before. He still wore his own suit, and was standing with a somewhat confused look in the middle of the floor. Before him was a smart, active, and pleasant-looking man of twenty-five, also a convict. His hair was puffed up at the sides, and he looked somewhat dandified. He was examining some clothing that lay in a pile before him. The walls of the little room were lined with shelves, which were piled with various articles of prison-attire. The floor was strewn with new, worn, and very old and tattered coats, shirts, and pantaloons. Upon one side was a platform-scale for weighing, and a tall stick for measuring the height of men.

The wardrobe-keeper threw down a coarse shirt in front of the new-comer, and said, half aloud:

"Put that on."

The other took off his hat slowly and dropped it on the floor. Then he began to disrobe. There were thrown to him in quick succession a jacket, a cap, and a pair of soiled and patched trousers. He slowly replaced his own dress with these garments, which he picked up as he wanted them. He was admonished to hurry two or three times, but he lagged as if reluctant to part with the last things that reminded him of the world that he had lost. While he was buttoning his coat, the other was busy examining the pockets of his old clothing. From one he took a small comb, from another a part of a paper of tobacco, which he examined, and from another a small Testament, which he threw upon the floor after spinning over the leaves. He looked up and found that the prisoner had not quite finished. He became impatient. He kicked his shoes toward him, and put his cap on his head with the visor over his ear.

"Come along, will you?" said he; and he hastened to the scales and began to rattle the balance-bar. In a moment more the man's weight was taken, and entered upon a little book.

"Now, here—stand here."

The official motioned toward the measuring-stick.

The prisoner meekly crossed over, and took up a position beneath the cross-piece.

"Five feet four and a half."

That also went down in a book. The poor fellow with a solemn face threw a lingering look upon the little disordered heap of familiar garments that lay upon the floor, and then he cast his eyes upon himself.

He was enveloped in the old dress of some convict who had served out his turn, and had gone away. The knees and the elbows and the ends of the sleeves and the ends of the pantaloons were soiled and full of grime. The impressions of the form of the old possessor were still visible in various parts of the clothing, and the really shapely figure of the new wearer was made hideous by various bulgings and wrinklages. He knelt down and tied up the leather latches of his coarse shoes. His sleeves came down over his wrists, his collar rode up over his ears, and the ends of his pantaloons enveloped his feet. He made an ugly-looking heap, and when he arose he looked more ugly still, with his red face and angry eyes.

The officer in charge led him away. He scuffled along, with his head cast down, looking like an old man.

He was conducted toward the dormitory, where his cell was to be awarded him.

He crossed the yard in the rain. The water spattered up from the pools into which he trod, and the wreaths of drops blown down from the eaves by the wind deluged his head.

Upon reaching the dormitory, he stamped the mud from his feet and beat his cap against the wall. Even under the shadow of his great calamity he was not oblivious of the small ones.

The dormitory was warm, and it was lighted by gas. Over the head, as one stands upon the lower floor, there rises a huge honey-combed mountain of stone, one-twelfth of a mile long, encircled by five iron galleries one above the other, upon which open the one thousand cells of the prison, with their doors of iron bars.

Midway upon the first gallery is a little office where the guards of the dormitory keep, in various small books, the record of prisoners received and discharged from their particular precincts. It is a comfortable place, and the keepers when they are tired go there to joke with the clerk, who is something of a wit.

The new prisoner ascended to the office with his guard, and stood in the door-way while his case was being considered. In the vicinity were a dozen other convicts, laughing and chatting, and now and then casting curious glances upon the new-comer. In a moment more he found that he was swallowed up. A number of strokes of a pen were made, sundry papers were passed to and fro, and then he was led off somewhere else by a new officer, and he was lost sight of. He thenceforth was to be known by a number, to be a part of a certain company, to march, to work, to eat, in a certain position that was related to some other convict's position, and so long as he maintained that, and was to be found in it on all occasions, he would fulfill to the very utmost all that was required. No one now asked love, or favor, or assistance, or honesty, or truth, or manliness, of him; all that was demanded was, that he should on all occasions present himself with No. 1041 on one hand and No. 1043 on the other.

On returning once more to the front of the prison, and on reascending the white and dripping steps which led up the ascent toward the road and the central guard-house, one is able to take in at a single sweep of the eyes the whole of the prison. Under the cold and dripping sky of that particular day, it seemed to be indeed a prison. To the east, with tall, white pillars in its front, was the building in which the women were incarcerated. Beyond this, high up in the sky, and far back upon the edge of the rocks, were the sentry-houses with their guards. Down below was the grayish-white façade of the offices and the huge mountain of cells, and, beyond, the glistening roofs and towering chimneys of the shops. Farther off still was the quay, and, beyond, the solemn river, lost to view a little way out in the mist. Few people were stirring. Here and there in a door-way stood a convict gazing at the rain, and, toiling down the muddy roads, there now and then came a dripping carriage, bringing some friend to some prisoner. All seemed lifeless, tired out, and careless. One became half sure that any or all of the malefactors below could walk out of their shops, and walk away, and that from very lassitude no guard would rise up and bid them halt.

But, on again approaching the confines of the prison, that singular sensation that arises from being watched would undeceive him. He would find himself hemmed about with glances. The same watchfulness that scrutinized and searched him as he en-

tered, would scrutinize and watch him as he went out, and it would not be until he had clambered down the wooden steps that cling dangerously to the side of the cliff, and had stepped into the free road below, and had interposed some trees or some rocks between himself and the vigilant sentinels, with their ready rifles, that he would feel that he had entirely escaped.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!"

From midnight, of a midsummer night, to the time when the first rosy flush of day begins to break in the east, is not very long, as most of us have, at one time or another of our lives, practically discovered. Max Tyndale discovered as much for himself after he parted with Norah, and, returning to Stratford, began to prepare for his intended journey. With most men that special terror of the feminine soul, "packing," is a process chiefly remarkable for simplicity and brevity; but Max had been established at Stratford long enough to find a good deal on his hands when it became necessary to prepare for a final departure in this abrupt fashion. Fortunately, he had a natural neatness and love of order added to his military training, so that the gathering together and disposing of many odds and ends was not so serious a matter to him as it would have been to the majority of men. In an hour or two his labors were finished. Then he sat down and wrote a few lines to Arthur, thanking him for his hospitality, and regretting that they had parted so angrily—lines touched somewhat by the memory of old kindness, though Max's heart was still hard against his cousin. After this, he threw himself on the bed, and, having a good conscience, and a not particularly damaged heart, was soon sleeping soundly, while the air freshened, the moon sank toward the west, and the east began to glow.

Of course, he dreamed of Norah Desmond—what man could have failed to do so, with the scene of the summer-house fresh in his recollection?—but his dreams were not by any means as agreeable as the reality. He saw her again standing before him in the moonlight, beautiful and proud, with her hand extended in farewell; but, when he was in the act of taking it, the shot which had startled them sounded again, and she sank dead at his feet. Oddly enough, he was distinctly conscious that it was a nightmare; but he could not waken himself sufficiently to shake it off, and the dream went on. She was taken and

borne to the house—he saw the fair face, with the death-agony stamped upon it, in the coffin—nay, he even heard them nailing down the lid. Did they know that they were nailing down his heart with it? He knew it now, too late. He tried to move and cry out.—Suddenly he sprang to his feet, wide awake, conscious that it was broad daylight, and that Giles was knocking at his door.

"Come in—why the deuce don't you come in?" he cried, snappishly—even the best-natured people are sometimes snappish when waked abruptly at five o'clock in the morning.

"Door's locked, sir!" responded Giles, struggling with the handle on the other side.

"True enough—I forgot that," said Captain Tyndale. He glanced at his watch: it was just five o'clock. Then he crossed the floor and unlocked the door—which he had absently fastened behind him the night before.

"What is the matter?" he demanded. "What are you making such a confounded row about? I told you I wanted to get off at half-past five, and it is only five now."

"I know that, sir," said Giles. "I didn't come on that account, sir. I come to ask if you know where Mr. Tyndale is?"

"Where he is! In bed, I suppose," answered Max, opening his eyes. "Where else should he be?"

"But he isn't there, sir," said the servant, looking puzzled. "He went out a little after you did, last night, sir, and I don't think he could have come back. At least he isn't in his room, and I've been all over the house, and he isn't anywhere."

"Isn't anywhere?" repeated Max. He looked, as he felt, considerably astonished. A recollection of the shot of the night before came back to him; and, although he could see no reason for connecting it with Arthur, instinct sometimes connects things in spite of reason. "He may have gone over to Rosland, and accepted an invitation to spend the night," he said, after a short pause—though he felt how extremely improbable such a thing was.—"Did he leave the house on foot, and how long after I did?"

"Yes, sir, he left it on foot," said Giles, looking a little suspicious, and as if he fancied that this information was not exactly necessary. "I saw him come out of the library-window, and cut across the park—in your very tracks, sir—about ten minutes, or maybe a quarter of an hour, after you left the house."

"And you are sure he did not come back?"

"I'm quite sure of that, sir. His bed hasn't been slept in, nor his room set foot in, last night."

"What can have become of him?" said Captain Tyndale, musingly. Having mentally pooh-poohed his first vague idea about the shot, he felt more curiosity than alarm concerning this mysterious disappearance. He knew what Arthur's condition had been the night before, and that he was ready for any thing, however desperate or absurd. The question was, what desperate or absurd thing had he done? Max's own impression was that he had gone away, as he had threatened to do, the day before; but, of course, he said nothing of this to the servant standing by silent, watchful, and expectant.

"Your master is able to take care of him-

self," he said. "No doubt he'll turn up all right after a while. By-the-by, I suppose you don't know whether any train passes Wexford about midnight, or a little later, do you?"

"Anderson's just been telling me that the schedule changed yesterday," answered Giles. "He was over at Wexford and heard it; but he don't know exactly about the hours. He heard the railroad people saying that the ten-o'clock train wouldn't be along till after midnight; but he don't know any thing about the half-past six—"

"Tell him to be at the door by a quarter to six, at all events, and we'll drive over and see about it," said Max, curtly—having no fancy for a longer stay at Stratford under any circumstances. "See that there's a cup of coffee in the dining-room for me when I come down," he added; "and what are you waiting for? That is all."

"Hain't I better send a messenger over to ask whether Mr. Tyndale's at Mr. Middleton's, sir?"

"If you want Mr. Tyndale to break your head, you had certainly better do so. He is not a baby, and I don't think he would exactly relish being treated as if he were."

With this reply Giles took his departure, long-faced and serious. It may be said for him that he was anxious as well as puzzled. It was impossible for any one to be closely associated with Arthur Tyndale without becoming attached to him. Seen generally and superficially, he was generous, amiable, frank of manner, and open of hand—a debonaire young prince with whom the world went well, and who was willing to throw a little of his sunshine on the lives of those around him. This when the world *did* go well with him. What he was when it went ill these pages, which record an exceptional and not a usual phase of his character, may tell.

Meanwhile, half an hour went on, and no sign of him appeared. A general impression that something was wrong had, by this time, diffused itself throughout the Stratford household. Under the stress of these circumstances Giles's tongue was loosed, and he gave forth hints respecting what he might say concerning a serious difficulty between the two cousins the night before. These hints, coupled with Arthur's disappearance and Max's proposed departure, were enough to set the tongues of half a dozen servants at work. The cook shook her turbaned head over the cup of coffee she was making for Captain Tyndale; Anderson shook his head over the horses he was harnessing in the stable; the housemaid stood with a broom in her hand talking to Giles on the front portico, and both of them shook their heads at intervals. "I wouldn't a' asked Cap'n Tyndale no odds—I'd a'sent to Rosland anyhow," Mary Ann was saying, indignantly, when, greatly to her dismay, Captain Tyndale himself stepped out of the open hall-door upon them.

"I am going for a short turn in the park," he said. "Have the coffee ready, and bring my luggage down—I shall not be gone ten minutes."

"Very well, sir," said Giles. He turned into the house at once, like the well-trained servant he was, but Mary Ann stood her

* Extracted, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. Appleton & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ground, and, under pretense of sweeping off the portico-steps, watched Captain Tyndale as he descended the terrace, and struck across the dewy grass, and cool, long shadows, straight in the direction of Rosland.

In truth, Max was conscious of a queer, uneasy sensation which he could not set at rest—a persistent recollection and connection of Arthur's excited face and the pistol-shot of the night before, which he found it impossible to dismiss. He called himself a nervous fool to attach any serious significance to his cousin's absence; but, all the same, he felt that he could not turn his back on Strafford without

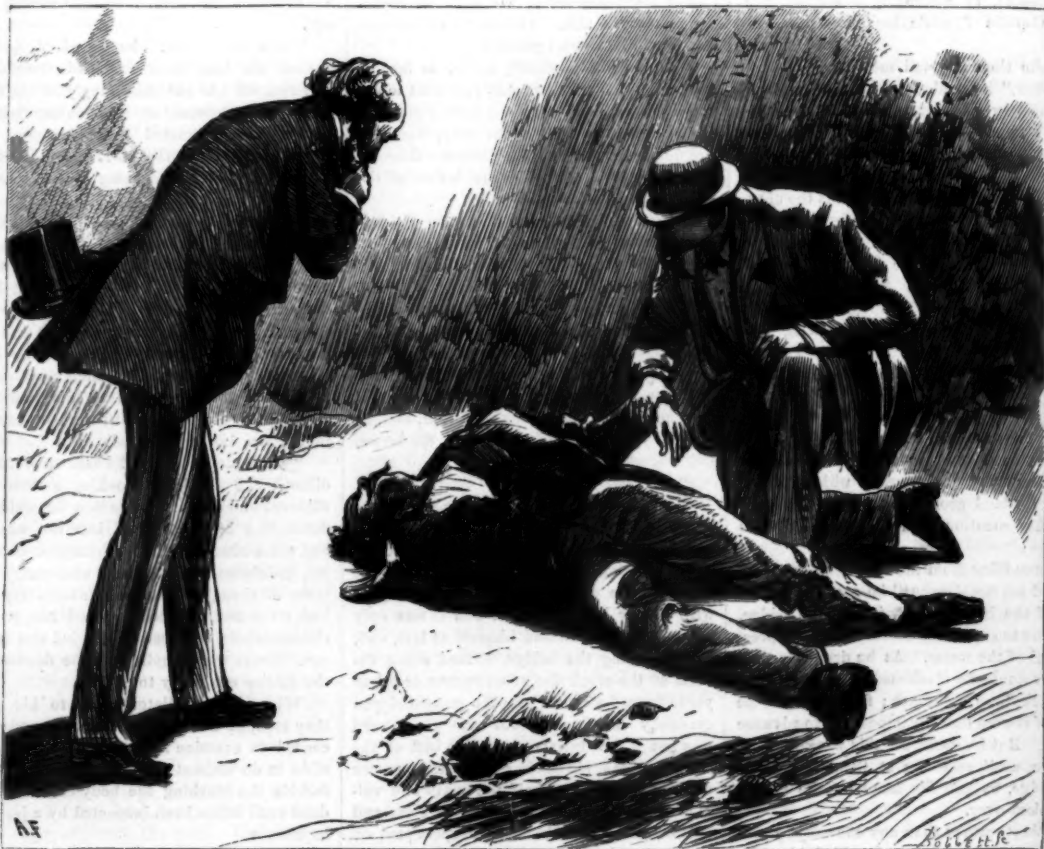
son, turned his steps in the direction of the bridge, on which or near which the pistol must have been fired the night before.

If the night had been beautiful, the day was peerless; but, as he walked along, he scarcely heeded its glory or freshness. The shadows stretched serenely beautiful over the sparkling grass; the air was like crystal in its lucid clearness; the distant violet hills stood out with exquisite distinctness against the horizon-line; in the leafy depths of the woods an infinite number of birds were singing, twittering, chirping, ushering in the summer day with a chorus of melody. Every thing

—he caught sight of a dark figure at some distance advancing at a rapid pace toward him.

For a second the thought occurred to him that it might be Arthur. The next instant he saw that, instead of being Arthur, or anybody like Arthur, it was a negro, without a hat, running at full speed—a negro who, when he saw him, threw up his arms and shouted something unintelligible.

The young man stopped short, stopped as if he had been shot, and stood motionless, rooted to the ground. At that moment an instinctive certainty of what had happened



"Could it have been Arthur himself?"—Page 235.

having satisfied himself by personal observation that nothing tragical had occurred. He certainly thought Arthur's absence singular, though he had not admitted as much to Giles. It was folly to suppose that he had gone to Rosland, and the idea that he—a sybarite of sybarites—had walked to Wexford in order to take the train, was simply ludicrous. What, then, had become of him?—where had he spent the night? Max was aware that the vagaries of a drunken man are often beyond the astutest range of sober intelligence, but he wanted to be sure that no harm had come to the young man, and, as a means of ascertaining this, instinct, rather than rea-

was jubilantly joyous—jubilantly full of life. Half unconsciously Max felt this; half unconsciously it jarred on his mood. He was more nervously, indefinitely uneasy than he cared to acknowledge even to himself. One of those presentiments at which we laugh (when they are not fulfilled), warned him that "something had happened," and this feeling increased with every minute.

It increased as he left the park behind, passed through a belt of outlying forest, and came to a bend of the path which led across some fields. As he emerged out of the green region of shadow into the full glow of sunlight—already warm, even at this early hour

came to him as clearly as if it had been uttered in plainest language in his ear. A constricting hand seemed to seize his heart and hold it still for a minute—a long, horrible minute in which the bright, beautiful, golden prospect lay spread out before him unchanged, and that dark figure speeding along seemed to advance at a snail's pace.

When the boy—a field-hand, whom he chanced to know by sight and name—reached him, he was panting so that he could scarcely articulate. But, if ever terror and horror were imprinted on a human countenance, they were imprinted on his. No need to ask what presence he had seen. There is but one

before which humanity quails in such wild consternation. His eyes were distended so that they looked as if they might start from his head, his lower lip was hanging like that of an idiot, and quivered convulsively. He stammered forth his news so that Max only caught two words—"Mass Arthur" and "dead."

Those two words were enough. They told him all that he had blindly, instinctively felt assured that he should hear, and, face to face with the certainty, his nerves seemed to quiver for a moment, and then grow firm again. He had not afterward the faintest recollection of what he said or did; but the boy, who was literally chattering like an idiot, often related, to wondering audiences, how coolly Captain Tyndale looked at him and spoke.

"Take time and tell me plainly what is the matter," he said. "Where is Mr. Tyndale, and how do you know that he is—"

He stopped—even his self-possession could not enable him to utter that final word.

"He's down at the creek!" was the unexpected answer, given in a horror-stricken whisper. "I was a-comin' across, sir, an' I seen a man lyin' there, so I went down, an'—an' it was Mass Arthur!" said the boy; and, having been brought up on the Tyndale estate, he ended by bursting into tears.

"At the creek!" repeated Max. He asked no further questions. That was all he wanted to know—where. He started at once at a pace equal to a run, crossed the fields, entered another belt of woods, and soon reached the stream, the small creek which bounded the Rosland grounds, and has been several times mentioned in the course of this story.

Approaching from the side next Strafford, he could see nothing until he gained the very edge of the bank, which, just at the bridge, was some ten or twelve feet above the present level of the water. As he drew near, his pace involuntarily slackened a little; he gave one quick, heaving breath; for an instant he felt as if it were literally impossible to advance farther. But he shook off this weakness and went on, until, standing at the entrance of the bridge, he laid his hand on the railing and looked over.

Instinct, rather than any conscious act of the reasoning faculties, had guided his steps within the railing of the bridge; and it was fortunate for him that it had been so, since, prepared though he was for the sight that awaited him, the first glance upon it almost unmanned him. A sudden trembling seized his frame; his sight grew so dim that, after that first look, he gazed down on a thick white mist only. The iron nerves that had been unshaken when bullets were raining like hail, and men falling like leaves, around him, quivered now with a sick faintness he had never known on the bloodiest battle-field. That was in the high carnival of death and carnage, however; what else could have been looked for then? But now, amid all this wealth of sylvan beauty and joy, for Arthur—of all human beings, Arthur—to be lying dead, stricken out of life in the glory of his

youth, his beauty, his strength, and health, seemed something far too terrible and hideous for belief!

Yet it was so! The step of the panting negro, as he reached Max's side, roused the latter to something of his usual self-possession. He pressed his hand over his eyes for a minute to clear away their dimness, then he looked down again, and saw a motionless form, a white, rigid face, on which the golden sunbeams fell quivering through the green leaves softly rustling overhead.

He stood with his eyes fastened upon the dead man for what seemed a long time to the spectator beside him; but there was something in the expression of his face which precluded the possibility of the negro's venturing to disturb him. At last he turned and spoke quietly, almost gently:

"Go over to Rosland, Lewis, as fast as you can, and tell Robert that you want to see Mr. Middleton—say that you have a message on business for him. Take care, however, and don't mention anything about this—or it may get to the ears of the ladies of the family, and, you know—"

"Yes, sir," said Lewis—his eyes distending again with a gleam of intelligence—as Captain Tyndale stopped suddenly, with a sort of gasp in his voice, "I'll not say a word, sir."

"Speak to Mr. Middleton alone, and ask him to come over to Strafford immediately—say that I want to see him on very particular business, or I should not send for him at such an hour. Come back with him, and, as soon as you are out of hearing of the house, tell him what is the matter."

"Yes, sir."

Left alone, Max stood still for some time longer, trying to realize the awful truth that was there before his eyes. Try as he would, however, it was something which he found it impossible to do. Connect that silent figure with Arthur he could not; and it was only by an effort he roused himself at last, and, slowly leaving the bridge, walked along the bank of the creek for some twenty or thirty yards toward a spot where the ground sloped gradually downward until the greensward was but a few inches above the bed of the stream, which, shrunken now by the summer drought to less than half the width and volume of its winter current, rippled clear and shallow along the middle or deepest part of its channel, leaving a dry, sandy margin on each side. At another time, or under other circumstances, Captain Tyndale might not have been so deliberate in his movements, might not have waited until he could make an easy step from the grassy bank to the creek-bottom. But why should he be in haste now? One glance had told him that all earthly effort would be vain—that Death had set his inexorable seal on the victim he had chosen! So he walked lingeringly along the bank, slowly stepped from the soft grass to the barren sand, and, turning, went back toward the bridge, almost immediately beneath which the body of Arthur was lying.

For the third time Max paused, when he stood beside the body—for the third time a sense of suffocating emotion seized him as he

looked on the dead presence that in life had been so familiar to his eye—as he began at last to realize the strange, incomprehensible truth that *Arthur was dead*. How poor, and petty, and unworthy of remembrance, seemed now the clouds that had come between them of late!—how entirely his thoughts went back to the better days of that cordial, almost brother-like intercourse and affection which had existed between them for years. A great pain was at his heart—a great dimness (not of tears, for his eyes were hot and dry) was over his vision. He bent over and took one of the cold hands in his own. The touch acted like an arousing shock to him. He shuddered; he let the hand gently fall from his hold; he felt that he must control himself.

"This won't do!" he muttered, as he pushed the hair back from his forehead, throwing off his hat unheedingly in the act. And at that moment an exclamation from a human voice attracted his attention. He looked up, and saw the pale, horror-stricken face of Mr. Middleton, leaning over the bridge above.

"Good God! Tyndale, what is the meaning of this?"

"God only knows!" Max answered, with more literal meaning than is often put into those trite words. Truly, and indeed in every sense, God and God alone knew what was the meaning of the scene which the midnight had witnessed here. But that which was merely an exclamation, suggested to him suddenly what he had not thought of before—the question of how Arthur had died.

"Come down here," he said to Mr. Middleton; and the latter, looking a little bewildered and doubtful as to how he could get down, Max briefly directed him the way he had come himself. Partly the appearance of Mr. Middleton on the scene, and partly the train of thought which his involuntary cry had awakened, at once restored him to his characteristic composure of mind and manner. There was something to be done—and the soldier was ready to do it.

When Mr. Middleton came to his side, they stooped down beside the body and proceeded to examine it as well as it was possible to do without infringing the law which forbids the touching the body of one found dead until it has been inspected by a jury of inquest.

Almost as graceful in death as he had been in life, Arthur lay in what looked an easy attitude, half on his side, his shoulder supported against a large, flat stone, his head falling back so that the face was fully exposed to view. His right hand—the one Max had grasped a few minutes before—rested carelessly beside him on the sand, palm downward, with loosely-curved fingers, like that of one sleeping; the left arm was bent, and half doubled under the reclining form. The expression of the face—or, more properly speaking, its want of expression—was that of deep, dreamless slumber. Not the slightest shade or contraction marred the beauty of the white forehead and pale-tinted but clearly-pencilled brows; there was no hollowness under the eyes, where the long lashes swept the cheek, veiling from sight

that which "thought shrinks from;" the straight, chiseled nose had no sharpness about its lines, and the well-cut lips were closed naturally under the silky waves of the blond moustache.

At first they could see no signs of violence, except that the dress was slightly disarranged about the chest and throat, but a moment's scrutiny showed signs of blood on the left side of the head. Max gently put aside the waves of fair hair, and then they perceived a deep, gaping wound high up on the left temple—the death-wound, as they recognized at a glance. When he saw this, the young man thought again of the shot he had heard the night before, but the shape and general character of the ragged incision forbade even a momentary suspicion that it could have been caused by a pistol-ball. It looked rather as if made by some rough, three-cornered instrument, and convinced the two men at once that the death had not been caused by accident, but was the work of deliberate design—in plain words, a murder. As the wound looked as if it must have bled profusely, they directed their attention to the ground to see if they could find further traces, and were soon startled by a new discovery. A few paces from where the body lay was a spot which had evidently been a pool of blood. Had been a pool of blood—it having trickled in a small stream down to the water, no doubt, filtering gradually through the damp sand, also, as it went, leaving only a red stain, which, however, could not be mistaken. But it was not this sanguinary sign which struck them most. Just beside it was a small, sharp stone, the shape of which seemed to both of them identical with that of the wound. On examination, they found that it was merely the exposed point of a larger stone embedded immovably in the sand—a point a good deal like an Indian arrow-head, and not much larger. In fact, it did not protrude more than an inch above the ground; but it was flint—hard as steel and sharp as glass. While they regarded it with momentarily increasing conviction as to its instrumentality in the death of Arthur, their uncertainty was set at rest by another discovery. Exactly on a line with the stone for about the length of a man's body there was a faint, but perfectly perceptible indentation on the sand. They looked at it for an instant, and then Mr. Middleton spoke.

"It is plain enough, so far as the mere circumstance of his death is concerned," he said, in that hushed tone to which the voice involuntarily attunes itself in the presence of the great destroyer. "He must have been waylaid and attacked as he went home from my house last night. There was a struggle, evidently"—he pointed to the loosened cravat and other appearances about the upper part of the dress, which could only have resulted from a personal conflict—"and he has been hurled violently down, his head striking against that stone. But I don't understand why he should be *here*—how he got *here*."

He paused, looking vaguely round; and, as by a common impulse, he and Captain Tyndale rose to their feet, and began to bestow the same scrutiny on the *locale* around

which they had just given to the body itself.

It would have been hard to find a lovelier spot than this, which was to be evermore a picture, in the memory of both of them, as a scene of horror, a background of mocking beauty to the ghastly central object before them. The bridge, a rustic, picturesque structure of wood, had been thrown over the creek at the point where the stream was narrowest and the banks highest; and almost immediately beneath its span they now stood. The banks rose, perpendicular as the walls of a chamber, to at least ten feet above them on each side, for some distance both above and below the bridge; and as the stream made a sudden horseshoe bend just here, they were literally shut in—to the sight—between walls of most varied and luxuriant verdure—shrubs, moss, clinging vines, and even trees that bent their limbs over from above, or shot up their stems from the rich, loamy deposit just at the verge of the water. The blue sky, with a few fleecy clouds floating like pearly mists in its liquid depths, was overhead; the sunshine flickered down through the spreading boughs that fringed the bank on its eastern side, throwing here a gleam, there a broad sheet, of brightest gold over the clear, shallow water that flowed noisily by, and upon the dry creek-bed on which was stretched the slender, graceful figure of the dead man.

The first thing which at the same moment attracted the attention of the two gentlemen was the crushed and broken appearance of the shrubs on the bank, at one point a few paces lower down the stream than the spot where the body lay. Several bushes had been uprooted, and now hung to their native earth by the fibres of their roots alone, while a larger one—a small tree, in fact, it was—had only suffered in the breaking of some of its branches. There were signs, too, on near investigation, of a man's feet having been dug into the soil at intervals, in a slanting direction, along the sheer, perpendicular face of the bank—making it plain that somebody had clambered down by clinging to the thick, tough growth with which it was clothed.

"Could it have been Arthur himself?" was the thought which occurred to both, and which was expressed in the glance they exchanged.

Again, as with one thought, they turned to ascertain this by examining his boots, which would necessarily retain traces of the moist earth, if it had been he. A glance satisfied them that it was not. Both his boots and trousers were immaculate of earth-stain or speck of any kind, as when he had entered Mrs. Middleton's drawing-room the evening before.

"Strange!" said Mr. Middleton. "There was a struggle, unquestionably."

"Unquestionably," assented Max; "and it is equally unquestionable that somebody has scrambled down the bank here, and that it was not—himself."

"Yes. What is most unaccountable to me, though, is how he got here, what he was doing down here, if the murderer came down after him. And, then, that mark there is certainly the print of his body, to say nothing of the wound: yet he lies in a position

which shows he has been moved since he fell." Then, with a fresh burst of horror: "Great Heavens! to think of it! Arthur Tyndale murdered! One of the last men in the world that I should have expected to see meet such a fate! And here, right at his own door, almost in sight of my house! Good Heavens! I can scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses! What could have been the object of such a murder? Can you imagine? Oh!"—as a sudden thought struck him—"it may have been a robbery as well as a murder. No!" (after ascertaining that neither watch nor purse was missing). "There seems no clew to the mystery. Well"—raising himself with a short but deep and audible sigh—"well, we must see about—"

"Stop!" said Max. "We will examine the ground above there.—Stay here, Lewis," he added, turning to the boy, who had followed Mr. Middleton closely, and now stood near in open-mouthed wonder, "while we go up on the bridge."

He turned and led the way rapidly down the bed of the stream, until he came to a point where he had no difficulty in mounting the bank by the aid of the roots and trunk of a small, gnarled beech-tree; but Mr. Middleton, who was neither so active in movement nor so long of leg as himself, kept on to the place they had both passed over in coming, a few minutes before, and consequently he was considerably behind Max when the latter, after mounting the acclivity, stopped at the entrance of the bridge to wait for him. While he came puffing and blowing up the steep ascent, Max walked upon the bridge, and looked closely at the floor, especially at that part just above the spot where the body lay. As he looked, he shook his head. There were no signs of a struggle having taken place, and, if such a thing had been, the evidences must have appeared, since a thick coating of dust covered the boards, and any unusual movement upon it would have left unmistakable traces. The young man turned, and, passing outside the railing, began to direct his scrutiny to the green-sward which stretched along the edge of the bank. He had scarcely turned the corner, so to speak, of the railing—it should be remarked that this railing, as a matter of precaution on account of the height of the bank, was run out for a considerable distance from the edge of the stream upon the land—when a sudden exclamation from him quickened the pace of Mr. Middleton, who was by this time but a few yards off. Hastening forward, that gentleman echoed the exclamation with emphasis, as he gazed down upon the crushed and trampled turf to which Max's hand pointed. Here the struggle had been, it was plain, a hand-to-hand struggle, for the grass, which was high and luxuriant, bore the print of trampling feet that had moved in a very small space, and obviously irregular manner, along the very edge of the bank, from which a fragment of turf had been broken in one place. Except on this spot, there were no marks of footsteps in any direction.

"So!—there is no question but that he was waylaid, as I have said," observed Mr. Middleton—"and the body must have been

thrown from here, instead of off the bridge, as we supposed." He went close to the margin of the bank, looked cautiously over, and was about to speak, when another exclamation—this time it was almost a cry—from his companion, startled him so that he nearly lost his balance, and was for an instant in danger of going head-foremost the way he had just expressed his belief that Arthur Tyndale had gone. Recovering his equilibrium, he looked round to see what had excited Max so greatly—looked just in time to see the latter start forward, stoop, and seize some object that lay half concealed beneath the sweeping foliage of a small shrub near by. A gleam of sunshine chanced to fall just upon the place, and lighted the plate of burnished metal which had caught Max's eye by its glitter.

"What is it?" said Mr. Middleton, eagerly.

"A pistol, you see," was the reply; and the young man held it up to view. "His own pistol, as I perceived in an instant—here is his name." He pointed to the silver plate on which the name was engraved, and then went on in a tone of deep agitation: "Great God! if I had but gone when I started to go, last night—when I heard that shot—I might perhaps have prevented this! But—"

He stopped short—remembering why he had not gone, and, even at that moment, conscious that he must be careful what he said lest he should compromise Norah.

"Heard a shot!" repeated Mr. Middleton. "Is it possible you heard a shot last night? When?"

"Some time between eleven and twelve o'clock. I was in your grounds—"

"Good Heavens!" broke in Mr. Middleton, to whose mind, by some association with the word "grounds," the recollection of Leslie at this instant occurred for the first time since he had come upon the scene of the tragedy—"Good Heavens, Tyndale! I had forgotten Leslie! Poor child!"—a sudden moisture came into his eyes, and his voice sounded husky. "I must return home immediately"—he went on, hurriedly—"God forbid that such news should reach her from the tattle of servants, or without preparation! Meanwhile, the body cannot be moved until the jury has seen it."

"Of course not," said Max. "But I will send Lewis to Strafford to have every thing prepared, so that it can be moved as soon as possible. And about the jury—"

"I'll dispatch a messenger to the coroner at once—and, as soon as I have told my wife, I will join you again. You remain here, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Max.

"Fortunately," said Mr. Middleton, "this is a very cool, shady place—and I hope we may get the inquest over in the course of the morning. Now, I'll go."

He held out his hand; the two exchanged that nervous grasp which is often more expressive of strong feeling than many words could be; and then he turned and strode with the vigor of a young man across the bridge toward Rosland—while the other once more descended to where he had left the servant, as a watcher beside the dead.

LEAVES FROM AN UNWRITTEN LOG.

THACKERAY, in one of his "Roundabout Papers," relates a trifling incident which occurred on board one of the transatlantic steamers when he was crossing to this country, which moved him so immensely, he says, that in after-years he could never think of it "but with a heart full of thanks and of awe." It was eight bells after noon, and the cabin-passengers were at dinner. The captain came into the saloon, took his seat at the head of the table as usual, said a pleasant word to this person, and gave a kindly nod of recognition to that, helped the soup, then went on deck, was back again in five minutes or so, and served the fish—looking a little anxious the while. By-and-by he was off to the deck again. Five minutes more elapsed, when back came the captain to the saloon again, "with a pleased and happy countenance" this time: "We have sighted the light," said he, rubbing his hands gleefully.—"Madam, may I have the pleasure of helping you to a little of this gravy?" Between soup and beef the skipper had sighted the headland, by which his course was lying. Perhaps some one will be good enough to sit down forthwith, with pencil and paper, and work out—we'll not be nice to a point or so—this sum: Allowing that it took ten minutes to polish off the soup, and another ten to discuss the fish, required the difference of longitude between the ship's position as marked on the chart and her true position as ascertained while the sirloin was being uncovered.

There are few things that seem more remarkable to a landsman than that a ship shall travel thousands of miles without catching even a glimpse of land, and yet be able to tell to a nicety the precise time of day when she will be in sight of a given light-ship. The captain finds himself in a fog off the coast of Iceland: "I'll not go down to dinner to-day," says he to his steward; "we must be pretty well in sight of the Fastnet." The fog lifts a little, and there sure enough is the Fastnet, a point or two on the weather-bow.

A few months ago I was off the coast of Ireland, on board one of those famous red-funnelled steamers which cross the Atlantic, and with which most of us are familiar. We had had twelve days of knocking about in mid-ocean in easterly gales. Bad weather, very bad. Then, just as we are sighting land, comes on fog. A steamer's whistle is heard a little on the starboard-bow. The sun peeps out from the mist, the fog lifts from the glass-like sea, and there, crossing us almost, is a large steamer from the West Indies—she, making her way up from the southward, we from the westward. It occurred to me then and there, as I stood, saturated with fog and steam by the side of the officer on the lookout, that navigation was one of the most beautiful and interesting studies that God had ever devised for man, and that, if a course of navigation followed upon a course of geography, just as Euclid does upon algebra, it would be very much to the benefit of the youth in our

schools. Here were two large ocean-steamers coming from different directions, about twelve days out, each of them—having gone through, no doubt, the same number of days of hard weather, blinding storm, fog, darkness, and, one might almost add, unseen danger—that knew their positions so accurately that they were, length and length, forming sides of an acute angle, whose apex was the port each was endeavoring to reach.

I have been led to a consideration of the foregoing from reading, in a late number of the British *Shipping Gazette*, that the year 1873 will be remembered as a most disastrous one in the sacrifice of life through the loss of steamships. These losses were not attributable to vessels being overlaid or unseaworthy, but are to be ascribed to errors in judgment, want of care, or reckless navigation. This, if true, is very shocking, and, being of an inquiring turn of mind, I am naturally desirous of ascertaining how this comes about, or, rather, if there is any reason existing why this should be. I turn to the readiest means at hand for an answer to this question, and somehow or another fancy I can find it in my own experiences, and in carefully collecting together, and looking over again certain notes, which have been jotted down from time to time in my own memory, and which were made at sea at various times, during an experience which dates from the age of eight, when, as a lad, I spent a week of each half-yearly vacation on board ship in getting to and from home, down to the present time, when I can very unfortunately say, that I have spent fifty-three days on the Atlantic in winter in endeavoring to get from London to New York, where, happily, I ultimately landed, a sadder, but certainly wiser man. I made a vow then that nothing should ever again induce me to cross the ocean, save in a ship properly manned, well-officered, and strictly disciplined, and I look forward hopefully in the future to respecting that vow should occasion ever require my crossing again.

It is generally conceded, I believe, that, before an officer can get command of a ship, he must be well up in navigation. It is a first essential, indeed, for such a position. And to such qualification may very properly be added the following requirements: That a man shall have had considerable practical experience as a seaman, be careful in performing his duty, watchful of his officers, thoughtful of his crew, and attentive to every thing that concerns the safety of his ship, her cargo, and passengers. But skill in navigation stands out first and foremost as absolutely essential to the command of a ship. So that, when we are told that between soup and beef, or *entrée* and sweet, on such a day, we shall be in sight of the Fastnet Light, we take it pretty much as a matter of course that we shall sight it, though it does happen, nevertheless, to be a very remarkable thing that we should have traveled some three thousand miles from headland to headland, and still know our exact position.

There's a man in the chains, and we are looking over the ship's side into thick fog: "By the mark nine!" shouts he, and up comes the lead; a little sand, or a particle of shell worked into the grease at its bottom,

enabling our excellent friend in the little house on deck, after reference to his log-alate, to determine whether we are creeping too near to the land or not. Errors of navigation very rarely enter into our thoughts when calculating the possibilities of danger at sea. We watch the three or four sturdy fellows heaving the log every hour, and are happy, and but a few, very few among us, know any thing of the value of a star's altitude, or the sun's ascension and declension in determining the ship's true position. The captain knows all about this, and we rest contented. And yet here it is, staring me in the face:

"LOSSES OF STEAMSHIPS DURING 1873.—

The year 1873 will be remembered as a most disastrous one in the sacrifice of life through the loss of steamships. These losses were not attributable to vessels being overlaid or unseaworthy, but are to be ascribed to errors in judgment, want of care, or *reckless navigation*."

"Are to be ascribed to errors in judgment, want of care, or reckless navigation." I turn over the leaves of my unwritten log and add for myself these words: "Or, rather, neglect of those very ordinary precautions which are inseparable from careful and correct navigation." What is the chief precaution? Discipline. What next? Discipline. What next, again? Discipline. How is it that we so rarely hear of the loss of a man-of-war—nay, of a tiny gunboat which travels alone from the Lizard Point to the Peiho River in China, plunging into great mountains of angry ocean, and fighting with hurricanes, typhoons, and other odd varieties of raging wind, without so much as throwing her deck-gun overboard? I think I can find a satisfactory answer in my own mind. Because of the marvelous and mathematical exactitude of the discipline which governs the entire machine. Because every thing on board is done with the regularity and punctuality of the very best clock-work. Here is a story: I once knew a very gallant officer in the British Navy, now an admiral, who had a most inveterate and wag-gish love for rousing up his officers and men in the middle of the night by beating to general quarters, and ordering his ship to be cleared for action. It became such a nuisance by-and-by that the ward-room officers would take especial care to find out from the sentry when the drummer had been sent for to the captain's cabin, and few would take the trouble to turn in. But the captain was not to be outwitted so. His officers were too prompt in answering the roll for it to be genuine zeal. He had the drum hung up in his own cabin, and when the officers were snugly between the sheets one night, r-r-r-r-ratt—a-tatt—tatt—tatt—r-r-r-r-r—went the drum, and the skipper was discovered outside his cabin-door in his shirt-sleeves banging away lustily with drumsticks. He insisted that the officers and men on board his ship should be ready for every and any kind of emergency. It is all very well, and very man-of-war like, and exceedingly suggestive of discipline, and very pleasing, and all that sort of thing, to see hung up in the wheel-house an elaborate notice-board: "Stations of the Crew," "Fire Stations," and so on. It is all very well to see boats slung to the davits eight in number, and to learn from a

Board of Trade certificate hung in the saloon that a safety-valve exists on each boiler out of the control of every one on board save the captain himself; what we desire to know in addition is: Are the men at their stations at the first pipe of the bo'sen's whistle? Does every man, from the chief officer to the bedroom steward, know exactly where to lay hands on his bucket on the moment; or where his proper place at the hose is in case of fire? Is every boat, from the gig to the pinnace, taut and well-found in every respect? Can they be hoisted in and out handily—figuratively speaking, and as sailors would say, "in a brace of shakes?" Is the safety-valve in the very best condition possible, and free from the least particle of dirt or rust? In other words, does every man on board know his duty so thoroughly, and perform it so zealously, that it leaves the captain wholly free to navigate his ship, and free from all other trivial care and worry whatsoever? A captain who has to be constantly on the lookout for his officers to see that they are performing their duty, can never properly attend to his own, which must chiefly be the navigation of his ship.

Glancing over my notes, I find the following entry in my unwritten log: "R. B. & N. A. steamship *Vesuvius*, on a voyage from Boston to Liverpool, April 187—, latitude —, longitude —. (No observation.) Wind E. N. E. Force ten. Very heavy head-sea running. No passengers on deck. Toward midnight gale increasing. Went into the 'fiddler' to see if saloon-door was locked. Found all locked up for the night, and stewards within snoring lustily. Think I'll light a pipe. Do. Think I'll put my head outside the door to see what the weather looks like. Ugh! Fearful night to be on deck. Dark, inky dark; wind raging like frenzy, sea even with tops of the sides. Bang! There's one over her. Well, go down and turn in. Whe-e-e-e! Whe-w-w-w!! Whe-e-e-e!!! The bo'sen's whistle for the watch, and all snug. Good God! What's the matter? One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Captain, first; chief officer, second; carpenter, third; bo'sen, fourth; engineer, fifth—groping along under cover of the ship's side to the after wheel-house. Saloon-doors open, lights on table, all stewards up, and wide awake, as if it were morning. Every one at his post. Purser vigorously cutting away at lashings of after-wheel. Doctor at attention. Surmise that rudder-chain has given way. Am right in my conjecture; chief steward facetiously remarking that we 'are heading back for Boston.' Take particular note that not a passenger is to be seen anywhere, and think I'll go below for fear it be said of me: 'You do but retard our labor.' Go below, turn in, and make notes as follows: The discipline on board this ship excellent. In less than three minutes from the pipe of the bo'sen every man at his post, captain leading, and in another five ship under perfect control, going ahead full speed. Not a passenger save myself knows a word about it. Mem.: Captain knows every inch of his duty; men in engine-room know theirs; hands in the fore-castle know theirs; stewards know theirs; officers wide-awake and on the alert. Shall go

to sleep in perfect security, and try to dream of sending shipful of passengers to the officers of the R. B. & N. A. S. Co., in Liverpool."

In endeavoring to find a reason for the undeniable first-rate A A 1 order of things, which obtains on board the ships of the R. B. & N. A. S. Co.'s steamships, which gives to them a prestige such as is enjoyed by no other line of steamships in the world, I discover it in the following note in my log, concerning a conversation I overheard between Steward Anybody and Steward Busybody over their evening pipes abaft the main-mast; where, by-the-way, I am not so sure that they had any business to have been smoking: "S. Anybody: 'The old man was down aboard the ship the other Sunday prying into every rat-hole in the ship.' S. Busybody: 'Yes? He's always goin' down one stoke-hole and comin' up another when nobody's aboard. What did he find to take away with him this time?' S. A'body: 'Nothin'. Only I 'eard the carpenter say he was blow'd up because the cutter's after thovel-pin was slung outside instead of in.' 'Hah! Hah!' laughed Mr. Busybody, satirically: 'Some folks takes a deal of trouble about nothink.'" The stewards knocked out the ashes from their respective pipes and went below. The "old man" was the senior partner in this firm of celebrated ship-owners, who snatches a little of the very little time which is allowed to him for rest on each Sunday to go down to his dock at Liverpool and inspect his outward-bound ships when no one is on board, that he may ascertain for himself that nothing is out of order, and that all is as it ought to be. The fact is, I have been told that the same "old man" knows just as much about a ship as an admiral, and can lay his hands on a particular rope blindfolded. What wonder, then, that his officers are such excellent seamen, his men the pick of mercantile Jacks, his stewards so discreet and civil, and that every thing on board his steamships, from the laying of the tablecloth and the serving of the very best of good eatables and pure drinkables to saloon-passengers, down to the heaving of the log in the heaviest of storms, is done with disciplinary perfection and exactitude?

"Like master like man," is a good, sound, and wholesome proverb. Tell me who a man's friends are, and I can tell you something of what the man is like himself. I recollect a time—this is not a note in my log, but I like to consider it by side of some of the notes scattered about there—I well remember a time when a most important department of the state (let's say) in the United Kingdom was in a quandary. It desired to send a great number of troops on the instant to overawe the—never-mind-whats. It had no available transports; lots of men, but scarcely any transports to carry all the troops necessary to shake terror into Hullabaloo-land. Time was pressing. Down came an admiral, sent secretaries flying into all corners of the room. "Why in the devil's name didn't you telegraph at once for—'old man?'" "Old man" came. Ships? Of course he had ships. "Ready for sea?" "If time is pressing, coaled, manned, fully equipped, and in the stream by to-morrow at

noon." "Good!" "How many?" "Half a dozen, if you want them."

The state's honor was saved by the "Old man" just the same as he had saved, time and time again, hundreds of pounds to his firm by his unwearying, undeviating attention to the minutest thing which concerned the safety of his ships and the comfort of the passengers who intrusted their lives on board them. When I find a civilian in the confidence of a great department of state governing the affairs of a navy, I am naturally aware that there is a strong reason for its being so. Government departments, just as private individuals, like to have men about them whom they can look to and depend upon in emergencies. Tell me who your friends are, and I can tell you something about yourself. If a board of admiralty has such confidence in you, it is a sufficient evidence to my mind that you are an upright and honorable ship-owner.

What is the chief precaution (all things being equal) against loss at sea? Discipline, as we have said. Who can insist on discipline of the best and strictest being maintained on board steamships of transatlantic or any other lines? Their owners. How? By simply being honest—I use the word in its very broadest sense—by simply being honest with the public. By saying to them: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have built for you ships which are stout and strong. We have placed engines on board of them which are from the very best engineers in the world. We have equipped our ships without any regard whatever to expense, but solely for your comfort. Our officers are second to none in any merchant service in the world. We intend that our ships shall be equal in fitness and perfect arrangements to a first-rate man-of-war, and to their end we have issued our orders as follows: 'All commanders in this service are strictly and emphatically enjoined that all attempts by them at competition with the steamships of another line, either by carrying on too much press of sail, too high pressure of steam, neglecting to go half speed or to lee-to when circumstances render it necessary, or doing any one thing suggesting a sacrifice of the safety of the ship, and passengers, and crew, for sake of getting into port a few hours earlier than a steamship of another competing company, will be visited with instant dismissal, and such offense will render the offending officer disqualified once and for all from further service in our company. Officers are to bear in mind that they carry human beings on board with them, and that one single human life is more precious than all the untold gold belonging to this company put together. By risking the lives of those intrusted to their care for the sordid gain to this company, commanding officers are insulting, no, disgracing themselves, and bringing everlasting reproach upon the profession of a sailor. The company confidently appeals to all officers holding service with them to support to their utmost in themselves, and inculcate upon their subordinates, the enormous advantages of their preserving intact the two great principles in man—self-respect and honor.'"

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

THE WILD NORTH-LAND.

SECOND PAPER.

WHILE on one of those buffalo-hunting expeditions which furnished alike the amusement and employment of the writer, Captain Butler heard from one of his men, who had belonged to the rescuing party, a marvelous illustration of Indian fortitude and sagacity.

In a band of Crees traveling over the plains there happened to be a blind Indian. Following the band, one day, he lagged behind, and the party, dipping over a ridge on the prairie, became lost to sound. Becoming suddenly alarmed at having thus lost his friends, he began to run swiftly, in hope of overtaking them; but now his judgment was at fault, and the direction of his run was the wrong one—he found himself alone on the immense plains. "Tired at last by the speed to which feverish anxiety had urged him, he sat down to think over his chances. It was hopeless to attempt to regain his party; he was far out in the grassy ocean, and, south, west, and east, lay hundreds of miles of undulating plain; to the north many days' journey, but still near, in relative distance, lay the forts of the white man, and the trail which led from one to the other. He would steer for the north, and would endeavor to reach one of these forts. It was midsummer; he had no food, but the carcasses of lately-killed buffalo were, he knew, numerous in that part of the prairie, and lakes or ponds were to be found at intervals.

"He set out, and for three days he journeyed north. 'How did he steer?' the reader will ask; 'for have you not told us the man was blind?' Nevertheless, he steered with accuracy toward the north. From sunrise he kept the warm glow on his naked right shoulder; six hours later the heat fell full upon his back; toward evening the rays were on his left side; and, when the sun had gone, and the damp dew began to fall, he lay down for the night: thus he held a tolerably correct course. At times the soft mud of a lake-shore cloyed his feet; but that promised water, and, after a drink, he resumed his way; the lakelet was rounded and the course pursued. There was no food; for two days he traveled on patiently, until at last he stumbled over the bones of a buffalo. He felt around; it had been killed some time, and the wolves had left scant pickings on ribs or legs, but on the massive head the skin was yet untouched, and his knife enabled him to satisfy his hunger, and to carry away a few scraps of skin and flesh.

"Thus recruited he pressed on. It was drawing toward evening on the fifth day of his weary journey when he found himself reduced to starvation, weak from protracted hunger and faint from thirst; the day had been a warm one, and no friendly lake had given him drink. His scanty food had been long exhausted, and there seemed but little hope that he could live to feel the warm sun again. Its rays were growing faint upon his left shoulder, when his feet suddenly sank into soft mud, and the reeds and flags of a

swamp brushed against his legs: here was water, he lay down and drank a long, long draught. Then he bethought him, 'Was it not better to stay here while life lasted?' Here he had at least water, and, of all the pangs that can afflict the lost wanderer, that of thirst is the hardest to bear. He lay down midst the reeds, determined to wait for death.

"Some few miles distant to the northeast lay the creek of the Eagle Hills. That evening a party of hunters, from the distant fort of A-la-Corne, had appeared on the wide prairies which surrounded this creek; they were in search of buffalo; it wanted an hour of sunset. The man in charge looked at the sinking sun, and he bethought him of a camping-place. 'Go to such and such a bend of the creek,' he said to his hunters, 'unyoke the horses, and make the camp. I will ride to yonder hill and take a look over the plains for buffalo; I will rejoin you at the camp.'

"The party separated, and their leader pushed on to the hill-top for a better survey of the plains. When he reached the summit of the ridge he cast a look on every side; no buffalo were to be seen, but, to his surprise, his men, instead of obeying his orders as to the route, appeared to be steering in a different direction from the one he had indicated, and were already far away to the south. When he again overtook them they were in the act of camping on the borders of a swampy lake, a long way from the place he had intended; they had mistaken the track, they said, and, seeing water here, had camped at sunset.

"It was not a good place, and the officer felt annoyed at their stupidity. While they spoke together thus, a figure suddenly rose from the reeds at the farther side of the lake, and called loudly for assistance. For a moment the hunters were amazed at this sudden apparition; they were somewhat startled, too, for the Blackfeet bands were said to be on the war-trail. But presently they saw that there was only a solitary stranger, and that he was blind and helpless: it was the lost Cree. He had long before heard the hunters' approach, but not less deadly was the fear of Blackfeet than the dread of death by starvation. Both meant death; but one meant scalping, therefore dishonor, in addition. It was only when the welcome sounds of the Cree language fell on his ear that he could reveal his presence in the reed-fringed lake."

Captain Butler's buffalo-hunting excursions were carried on with activity and energy, and he devotes considerable space to a description of the exciting sport, which was to him, however, something more than mere amusement. Hunting has been the frequent theme of the traveler's story. Ruxton, and Palliser, Mayne Reid, Catlin, and our own Washington Irving, have painted, in glowing tints, many a picture of charge and counter-charge, stalk and stampede. "Who has not seen in pencil-sketch or pen-story the image of the huge, shaggy beast careering madly before an eagle-feathered red-man, whose horse, decked like its rider with the feathered trophy, launches himself swiftly over the prairie? The full-drawn bow, the deadly arrow, the stricken animal, the wild

confusion of the flying herd, the wounded giant turning to bay—all these have been described a thousand times; so also has the stalk, the stealthy approach under the wolf-skin covering, the careful shot and the stupid stare of the startled animals as they pause a moment to gather consciousness that this thing which they deem a wolf in the grass is in reality their most deadly enemy—man."

But the deeper delight of such scenes lies in the accessories. It does not require a vast stretch of the imagination to conceive the solemn beauty and wildness of the scenery. In our author's own words:

"No book has told the story, no picture has caught the coloring of sky and plain, no sound can echo back the music of that untainted breeze, sighing so mournfully through the yellow grass, but all the same the vision returns without one effort of remembrance: the vast plain snow-wrapped, the west ablaze with gold, and green, and saffron, and colors never classed or catalogued, while the horizon circle from north to east and south grows dim and indistinct, and, far off, the bison-herd in long, scattered file trails slowly across the blue-white snow into the caverns of the sunset."

They carried with them a leather tent of eight skins, small of its kind, but capable of sheltering the five individuals comprising the party. This tent, pitched in some hollow, formed the sole speck of life amid the vast solitude. Ten poles, resting on the ground and looked together at the top, supported the leather covering. An open space at the vertex of the tent was supposed to allow the smoke to escape, but the smoke usually considered itself at liberty throughout the whole dim interior of the lodge, and seldom or never took advantage of the means of escape so liberally provided for it. Their stock of fuel was very limited, and barely sufficed to boil a kettle and fry a dish of pemmican at the opening and closing of each day.

Those who have formed a conception of the great prairies, with the golden sheen of the summer glory resting on them, realize but little what life in the wilderness is. "Should they really wish to form a true conception of life in these solitudes, let them go out toward the close of November into the treeless waste; then, midst fierce storm and biting cold, and snow-drift so dense that earth and heaven seem wrapped together in indistinguishable chaos, they will witness a sight as different from their summer ideal as a mid-Atlantic mid-winter storm varies from a tranquil moonlight on the *Ægean Sea*."

During the sixteen days in which the hunters traversed the prairie on their return-journey, they had not seen one soul, one human being moving over it; the picture of its desolation was complete.

When the intensely cold winter reached its extreme rigor, hunting no longer remained possible; for, in addition to the suffering and difficulty of passing unscathed through the fearful storms which swept over the plains of the Saskatchewan, the bison-herds had, for the most part, migrated southward. The tedious delay, before the northward expedition could be commenced, was spent as best

it could. For Captain Butler's half-breed attendants, with their lazy and improvident habits, such a life of enforced quiet was a veritable *Capua*, which they were in no haste to leave. But the restless and indomitable soul of their master chafed and fretted that he should be imprisoned in inactivity by the warm fireside of the winter hut. The thermometer marked forty degrees below zero, and all the Indian families within a radius of fifty miles considered themselves as pensioners on the white man's bounty. Here was another reason for departure. The provisions which he had so laboriously gathered for the long and arduous sled-journey would not long endure the systematic and voracious assault of a small Indian army, and the Indian appetite could not be measured by any ordinary standard. The main cause for lingering was Captain Butler's anxiety to await the arrival of the mail-packet.

The cumbersome and elaborate machinery of the postal service in civilized countries is familiar to all, but in the northern wilds the process of transmitting news to those exiled amid their icy barriers is far different. A notion of it may be found in the following description:

"Toward the middle of the month of December there is unusual bustle in the office of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Garry, on the Red River; the winter packet is being made ready. Two oblong boxes are filled with letters and papers addressed to nine different districts of the northern continent. The limited term district is a singularly inappropriate one: a single instance will suffice. From the post of the forks of the Athabasca and Clearwater Rivers to the Rocky Mountain Portage is fully nine hundred miles as a man can travel, yet all that distance lies within the limits of the single Athabasca district, and there are others larger still. From the Fort Resolution on the Slave River to the ramparts on the Upper Yukon, eleven hundred miles lay their lengths within the limits of the Mackenzie River district.

"Just as the days are at their shortest, a dog-sled bearing the winter packet starts from Fort Garry; a man walks behind it, another man some distance in advance of the dogs. It holds its way down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg; in about nine days' travel it crosses that lake to the north shore at Norway House; thence, lessened of its packet of letters for the Bay of Hudson and the distant Churchill, it journeys in twenty days' travel up the Great Saskatchewan River to Carlton House. Here it undergoes a complete readjustment; the Saskatchewan and Lesser Slave Lake letters are detached from it, and about the 1st of February it starts on its long journey to the north.

"During the succeeding months it holds steadily along its northern way, sending off at long, long intervals branch dog-packets to right and left; finally, just as the sunshine of mid-May is beginning to carry a faint whisper of the coming spring to the valleys of the Upper Yukon, the dog-train, last of many, drags the packet, now but a tiny bundle, into the inclosure of La Pierre's House. It has traveled nearly three thousand miles; a score

of different dog-teams have hauled it, and it has camped for more than a hundred nights in the great northern forest."

The end of January had arrived, the weather was clear and brilliant, and the impatient traveler could no longer await the coming of the dilatory postal packet. Every thing had long been in preparation. Cervola and his companions were fat, strong, and hearty, from their three months' idleness. Of the two routes, that of the Mackenzie rolling its waters into the Frozen Ocean, and the Peace River piercing the great defiles of the Rocky Mountains through the cañons and stupendous gorges of Northern British Columbia, the latter was chosen. The 3d of February was the day on which the party bade farewell to the little hut in which they had spent three months. The equipment had been reduced to the last degree of simplicity and compactness, dog-shoes, copper kettles, a buffalo-robe, a thermometer, some three or four dozen rounds of ammunition, a little tobacco and pain-killer, a dial compass, a pedometer, snow-shoes, about fifteen pounds of baggage, tea, sugar, a little flour, and lastly the inevitable pemmican—these, backed by stout hearts and hardy frames, furnished the material with which a journey over five thousand miles of howling winter wastes was to be accomplished.

Five days of uneventful travel brought the party to Fort Carlton, the great rendezvous of the winter packets from north and south. Here the leading agents of the Fur Company had assembled to await news from the outer world. From Fort Simpson on the far Mackenzie, from Fort Chipwyan on the lonely Lake Athabasca, from Edmonton on the Upper Saskatchewan, from Ile-à-la-Croix, dogs had drawn the masters of these far-away establishments to the central station. But they awaited in vain for the arrival of the packet. Captain Butler and his little party, after a short rest, again plunged into the great sub-arctic forest, interspersed with vast prairies, which rolled into an infinite desolation on toward the Arctic Sea. Six trains of dogs, mostly beaded, belled, and ribboned, made up the crew of carriers, and, the animals being fresh, made the almost unprecedented distance of one hundred and fifty miles in four days. The cold had become intense, falling as much below the freezing-point as the hottest shade-heat of a Carnatic or Scindian summer rises above it. Captain Butler's fellow-travelers, who had spent thirty years in the sub-arctic regions of the continents, declared they had never known more intense cold. So passed the days. Some reviewer, in treating a work on African travel, remarks that no literary skill has hitherto been able to enliven the incidents of how the traveler left a village of dirty negroes in the morning, and struggled through swamps all day, and crossed a river swarming with hippopotami, and approached a wood where there were elephants, and finally got to another village of dirty negroes in the evening. A similar criticism must be passed on the record of much of Captain Butler's journey. Steady, bitter struggling with the fierce cold all day; selecting a camp at night where there were some green pines to give brush for bedding, and

some dead wood for fuel; a frugal supper of tea and pemmican, and a shivering, uneasy rest, from which the consciousness of cold could never be banished—these monotonous and dreary experiences comprehended the daily-recurring life of the party between stations. At the Ile-à-la-Croix is found one of the most northerly conventual establishments in the world. Here four ladies, of the order of Gray Nuns, have made their homes and established a school. One of the wintering agents of the Hudson Bay Company, a man widely known in British North America, Mr. Roderick McFarlane, accompanied the train from this point. Captain Butler's brief summary of his life very well illustrates the extraordinary hardships that such self-banished exiles willingly undergo. He had left his

the hitherto unknown river Anderson. Here, on the borders of the Barren Ground, and far within the Arctic Circle, he founded the most northern and remote of all the trading-stations of the Fur Company. In mid-winter he visited the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and dwelt with the Esquimaux along the desolate coasts of that bay, which bears the name of England's most hapless explorer."

At Portage-la-Loche, on the Clearwater River, the travelers stood on the summit of the great water-shed of the northern portion of the continent. "Three rivers carry the waters of this slope into the Arctic Ocean; the great Fish River of Sir George Back, at the estuary of which the last of Franklin's gallant crew lay down to die; the Coppermine of Samuel Hearne; and the Mac-

"Many large lakes lie spread over this ancient sea-bottom; Lake Athabasca, Great Slave, and Great Bear Lake, continue across the continent, that great Lacustrine line, which, with Winnipeg, Superior, Huron, and Ontario, forms an aggregate of water-surface larger than Europe.

"Of other lakes, the country is simply a vast net-work, beyond all attempt at name or number; of every size, from a hundred yards to a hundred miles in length, they lie midst prairie, or midst forest, lonely and silent, scarce known even to the wild man's ken."

One day's journey down the Clearwater brought the travelers to the forks of the Athabasca River. The aspect of the region had changed marvelously: the dwarf and ragged forest had given place to lofty trees,



TENT IN THE GREAT PRAIRIE.

island-home when almost a boy, and in earliest manhood had entered the remote wilds of the Mackenzie River. "For seventeen years he had remained cut off from the outer world; yet his mind had never permitted itself to sink amid the oppressive solitudes by which he was surrounded: it rose rather to the level of the vastness and grandeur which Nature wears even in her extreme of desolation.

"He entered with vigor into the life of toil before him. By no means of a strong constitution or frame of body, he nevertheless fought his way to hardiness; midst cold and darkness and scant living, the natural accompaniments of remote travel, he traversed the country between the Peel, Mackenzie, and Liard Rivers, and pushed his explorations to

kenzie, which tells its discoverer's name. The first two flow through the Barren Grounds, the last drains by numerous tributaries, seventeen hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains upon both sides of that snow-capped range. All its principal feeders rise beyond the mountains, cutting through the range at right angles, through tremendous valleys, the sides of which overhang the gloomy waters.

"The Liard, the Peel, the Peace Rivers, all have their sources to the west of the Rocky Mountains. Even the parent rill of the Great Athabasca is on the Pacific side also. Nor is this mountain, thus curiously rent in twain by large rivers, a mere ridge, or lofty table-land; but, huge and vast, capped by eternal snow, it lifts its peaks full fifteen thousand feet above the sea-level.

and the white spruce, from a trunk of eight feet in circumference, lifted its head fully one hundred and fifty feet in height. Nor was it only the aspect of the trees that might have induced one to fancy that he was in a land of plenty. In the small fort at the Forks, luxuries, unseen during many a day, met the eye: choice vegetables, the produce of the garden; moose-venison, and, better than all, the tender steak of the wood-buffalo, an animal now growing scarce in the North. There were salmon, too, and pears and peaches, though these latter luxuries were not home-produce, but came from the opposite directions of California and Quebec. Here, then, in the midst of the wilderness was found a veritable Eden, a place to cry "Halt!" and build a hut for the remainder

of one's life; no more dog-drawing, no more snow-shoes, no smoky camp, no aching feet, no call at midnight; nothing but endless wood-buffalo steaks, fried onions, moose-moose, parsnips, fresh butter, rest, and sleep. But there were nine hundred miles still to be traveled to the Rocky Mountains, ere the snow should leave the banks of the Peace River.

Leaving this northern paradise, the course of the travelers led straight to the north, down the broad bed of the Athabasca, a river high-shored, many-islanded, with reaches leagues in length, and lower banks thickly wooded with forest-trees, and black bitumen oozing from their clayey sides. A new type of Indians now presented itself to the attention of Captain Butler. In the language, appearance, and character of the Chipewyan tribe, there seemed an extraordinary resemblance to the wild Navajo and the fierce Apache horseman of the Mexican plains. More fierce and resolute than the other tribes of the region, they share their shiftlessness, improvidence, and indolence. A glance at a Chipewyan "interior" will probably be more edifying to the imagination than it would be to the eye. Captain Butler says: "A few tents of Chipewyans were pitched along the shores of the Athabasca River, when we descended that stream. They had long been expecting the return of my companion, to whose arrival they looked as the means of supplying them with percussion gun-caps—that article having been almost exhausted among them. Knowing the hour at which he was wont to travel, they had marked their camping-places on the wooded shores by planting a line of branches in the snow across the river from one side to the other. Thus, even at night, it would have been impossible to pass their tents without noticing the line of marks. The tents, inside or out, always presented the same spectacle. Battered-looking dogs of all ages surrounded the dwelling-place. In the trees or on a stage, meat, snow-shoes, and dog-sleds, lay safe from canine ravage. Inside, some ten or twelve people congregated around a bright fire burning in the centre. The lodge was usually large, requiring a dozen moose-skins in its construction. Quantities of moose or buffalo meat, cut into slices, hung to dry in the upper smoke. The inevitable puppy-dog, playing with a stick; the fat, greasy child pinching the puppy-dog, drinking on all-fours out of a tin pan, or sawing away at a bit of meat; and the women, old or young, cooking or nursing, with a *naïveté* which Rubens would have delighted in. All these made up a Chipewyan 'interior,' such as it appeared wherever we halted in our march, and, leaving our dogs upon the river, went up into the tree-covered shore to where the tents stood pitched."

From the day of the departure from Ile-à-la-Croix Captain Butler had used snow-shoes, and had thus far marched three hundred miles without inconvenience. But the evil day was coming. Another long day's journey, fifty-six miles, the greatest distance yet made, brought him face to face with the dreaded enemy, from which the arctic traveler, be he never so careful, is rarely exempt, *mal de raquette*, a species of rheumatism.

In spite of sore feet and aching joints, he hurried on; however, for a resting-place was near at hand, and twenty-five miles more brought the joyful party to a vast ice-covered lake, and the clustered buildings of a large fort. Athabasca, or, more correctly, "Arabasca" ("The Meeting-place of Many Waters"), is one of the largest lakes of British North America, and Fort Chipewyan stands at its western end: "Figures convey but a poor idea of cold, yet they are the only means we have, and, by a comparison of figures, some persons at least will understand the cold of an Athabaskan winter. The Citadel of Quebec has the reputation of being a cold winter residence; its mean temperature for the month of January is 11° 7' Fahr. The mean temperature of the month of January, 1844, at Fort Chipewyan, was thirty degrees colder, and, during the preceding month of December, the wind blew with a total pressure of eleven hundred and sixty pounds to the square foot." This lake marks the limits of some great divisions of the animal kingdom. The reindeer, and that most curious relic of an olden time, the musk-ox, come down near its northeastern shores, for there that bleak region, known as the "Barren Grounds," is but a few miles distant, these animals never passing to the southern end of the lake. The cariboo, or reindeer of the woods, is a distinct species from that which inhabits the treeless wastes. The wood-buffalo and moose, however, are found on both sides of the lake.

"In early days Chipewyan was an important centre of the fur-trade, and in later times it has been made the starting-point of many of the exploratory parties to the northern coast. From Old Fort Chipewyan Mackenzie set forth to explore the great northern river, and to the same place he returned when, first of all men north of the fortieth parallel, he had crossed in the summers of 1792-'93 the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

"It was from New Fort Chipewyan that Simpson set out to trace the coast-line of the Arctic Ocean; and, earlier than either, it was from Fond du Lac, at the eastern end of Fort Athabasca, that Samuel Hearne wandered forth to reach the Arctic Sea. When this early explorer first looked upon the 'Arabasca,' buffalo were very numerous along its southern shore; to-day they are scarce; all else rests as then in untamed desolation. At times this west end of the lake has been the scene of strange excitements. Men came from afar and pitched their tents a while on these granite shores ere they struck deeper into the heart of the great North. Mackenzie, Franklin, Back, Richardson, Simpson, Rae, rested here; on piercing farther into unknown wilds, they flew the red-cross flag o'er seas and isles upon whose shores no human foot had pressed a sand-print."

The term "fort," as applied to so many of the trading-posts of the great fur-region, is a swelling title for what is most frequently a mean and insignificant reality. To the reader's mind the term will perhaps call up in the imagination an imposing array of rampart and bastion, a loop-holed wall, or formidable fortalice. Built generally upon the lower bank of a large river or lake, but sometimes

perched upon the loftier outer bank, stands the Hudson Bay fort. A square palisade, ten to twenty feet in height, surrounds the buildings; in the prairie-region this defense is stout and lofty, but in the wooded country it is frequently dispensed with altogether.

Inside the stockade some half-dozen houses are grouped together in square or oblong form—"the house of the *bourgeois* and clerks; the store wherein are kept the blankets, colored cloths, guns, ammunition, bright handkerchiefs, ribbons, beads, etc., the staple commodities of the Indian trade; another store for furs and peltries, a building from the beams of which hang myriads of skins worth many a gold-piece in the marts of far-away London City—martens and minks, and dark otters, fishers, and black foxes, to say nothing of bears and beavers, and a host of less valuable furs. Then came the houses of the men.

"Lounging at the gate, or on the shore in front, one sees a half-breed in tasseled cap, or a group of Indians in blanket-ropes or dirty-white *capotes*. Everybody is smoking. The pointed poles of a wigwam or two rise on either side of the outer palisades, and over all there is the tapering flag-staff. A horse is in the distant river-meadow. Around, the great, silent hills stand bare, or fringed with jagged pine-tops; and some few hundred yards away, on either side, a rude cross or wooden railing, blown over by the tempest, discolored by rain or snow-drift, marks the lonely resting-place of the dead.

"Wild, desolate, and remote, are these isolated trading-spots; yet it is difficult to describe the feelings with which one beholds them across some ice-bound lake or silent river, as the dog-trains wind slowly amid the snow. Coming in from the wilderness, from the wrack of tempest, and the bitter cold, wearied with long marches, foot-sore or frozen, the traveler looks upon the wooden house as some palace of rest and contentment."

Three days passed away in rest, peace, and plenty. It was nearing the time when another start would be necessary, for, after all, this Athabaskan Fort was scarce a half-way house in the winter journey. The question of departure was not of itself of consequence, but the prospect of leaving for a long sojourn in deeper solitudes, without one word of news from the outside world, without that winter packet to which our traveler looked forward, was a dismal one.

At last, on the morning of the 4th of March, the long-delayed mail-packet arrived with its most welcome contents—news from the far-off, busy world; letters from the far-off, quiet home; tidings of great men passed away from earth; glad news and sorry news, borne, through months of toil, fifteen hundred miles across the winter waste.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

"AN ass, having put on a lion's skin, roamed about, scaring all the silly animals he met with." That brief sentence, from old *Æsop*, is the text of our article. It is not a sermon, mind you, but an article of

facts, and nothing but facts, suggested by the following incident:

One night, at the opening of the present ball-season, the writer emerged from the gloom of Houston Street to the brilliantly-lighted floor of a *casino*, then occupied by about two hundred persons in varied masquerade costume. Only a few of the number were in plain evening-dress, and they, at the first glance, appeared as fashionable as the most fashionable butterflies of the Academy—the men in swallow-tails and fine linen, with crush-hats dangling in their hands; the women in silks, satins, and muslins, with a profusion of ornaments about their arms, necks, and wrists. The fancy dresses were less perfect; some of them nondescript, and most of them trashily spangled—kings', peasants', harlequins', and barbarians', alike. Who were these people? Were they honest folk? A carousal in this very hall had been interrupted by the police not many nights ago, and the revelers, who were for the most part thieves, stripped of their splendors and liveried in the cheerless check-and-gray garments of the prison. "Not thieves," said the detective who accompanied us, as we questioned him in an undertone; but some of the "gentry" were sure to attend every assemblage of this kind; but the men here were mostly clerks, seafarers, mechanics, and salesmen; the women factory hands, dress-makers, saleswomen, and domestic servants.

"Impossible!" we exclaimed. The detective treated our contradiction with good-natured forbearance, and more civilly we asked for an explanation. "You wonder how all these asses have obtained the lions' skins?" That was our question. "They are all borrowed. Observe yonder pretty girl in the pearly silk. The dress on her body, the shoes on her feet, the sham jewelry that is thick about the sham hair on her head, are borrowed; and to-morrow will fit some other beauty as neatly as they fit her to-night. The young fellow leading her into the dance is a shoemaker by trade—how elegant he looks! His swallow-tail, his breeches, and his crush-hat—do you suppose they are his own? The lining of each is stamped with the name of a Bowery costumer, on whose shelves they will be packed in lavender within twenty-four hours. Scarcely one of the persons present owns a stitch of the cloth that covers him. Fine birds they look in their feathers, to be sure; but to-morrow they will be plucked and threadbare, too exhausted to work, and beated by their employers for their sluggishness. Their brief dream of pleasure will be blotted out by the oppressive reality of underpaid and uncongenial toil. Vanity is at the root of it, sir—vanity, vanity, vanity!" The detective sighed, and nodded familiarly to some of the roisterers, who were abashed at his recognition, and barely appreciated it. Would he remain? He had a little matter in hand—a raid on a gambling-den, in fact—and must bid us good-night. We left the *casino* and the noisy dancers together, and at the door of police headquarters we parted from our guide, moralizing over the strange thing he had told us.

The verification of his statements was not a difficult task. From the east side of the

city, chiefly in the Bowery, Third Avenue, Allen and Forsyth Streets, the costume-depots are found almost in every block. Commonly they are over stores, and are approached from a side-door leading to a flight of dark stairs. In one of the windows you find a transparency exhibiting a grotesquely-costumed figure, lighted at night from within; and the more pretentious are indicated by large and gaudy signs. The interior resembles a pawnbroker's or an old-clothes store. There is an indescribable and all-pervading odor of musk, lavender, camphor. The walls are hidden by high wardrobes filled with dresses, chests of drawers also filled with dresses, and you cannot move about without brushing your head with the petticoats and tunics that hang limply from the ceiling and from every possible projection. Several girls are busy at sewing-machines, making, repairing, and altering costumes. The proprietor, a stout German woman of severe manners, demands our business the instant we enter. Do we want a costume? All she has are fancy, but of those there is a matchless assortment. The rent of the cheapest is two dollars for twenty-four hours, and a deposit of ten dollars. We look at some of these. The suit comprises a pair of glazed pink-calico trousers, spangled; a long robe of some yellow material, spangled; a sash of green-cotton ribbon, and a white-calico turban. An Eastern chieftain's this, very effective, and very popular, since the visit of the Shah to England. She can give us an "Uncle Sam" costume at four dollars a night, twelve dollars deposit; a pretty combination: white trousers with a red stripe, blue coat with gilt buttons, and a yellow beaver hat! Or, if we have a lady in our party, we had better look at the Columbias, costumes which rent at from four to thirty-four dollars a night, the cheapest being made from calicoes and the best from satins. Very rich and tasteful the latter; worth about two hundred and fifty dollars; was made for the last Liederkranz ball, and sold to the costumer by the original purchaser, "a young lady in high life, well beknown in Fifth Avenue." Only a few of the costumes rent for more than ten dollars a night, and the merry-makers hiring them are of humble station. But it occasionally happens that the costumer is visited by some august young man or woman of the better class, who is unwilling or unable to buy outright a dress that will not be wanted twice. For their convenience a few expensive costumes are on hand, and are loaned at extravagant rates. When the finery is returned, it is carefully examined, and, if the slightest stain is discovered upon it, a deduction is made from the deposit. But it is the O'Flanagan Coterie, the McBrickbat Fraternity, and such social companies, that are most indebted to this good German woman and her admirable system. Without her aid, where would be the splendors of their annual fancy-dress balls? Without her, faith! 'tis but a sorry time they'd be having.

At this establishment, as we have said, there are only masquerade-costumes; but over the way there is a tailor's and gentleman's outfitting store, with a sign in front, announcing that evening-dresses may be hired

within. About thirty dress-coats are put aside for this purpose, an equal number of opera-hats, and a few pairs of trousers. The coats are borrowed oftener than other articles, the trousers only seldom. But there are nights when all the proprietor's loaning-stock is exhausted, and taken out for an airing by the meek clerks and apprentices, who are crazy to hide their timorous little selves in the lion's skin. Yet it is not a very fine article, after all. The coats could be bought for fifteen dollars, and the cloth they are made of is poor stuff indeed. It catches some lustre in the ballroom, however, and the silly creatures who see it on my brave Tompkins's back think him a very magnificent fellow, and not Tompkins at all, but a lion. Sensible observers can perceive the little chap's ears, withal, and know too well what a wretched and beggarly impostor he is. For the loan of his coat he pays three dollars a night, and for his trousers and vest two dollars. It is not improbable that the girl who accompanies him is as great a fraud as he in the matter of dress. In fact, women are the most extensive and numerous of borrowers of this kind. A man may dress himself for an evening at an expense of five or six dollars, but the loan of a woman's ballroom trappings cost as much as the purchase of a good ordinary dress. She may choose a toilet worth three or four hundred dollars from the stock of a fashionable costumer, provided she produces sufficient security, and the dress will be altered and fitted to her as neatly as if it were her own. In some of the larger establishments the stock always includes several very rich garments of the latest fashion, which have served as pattern-dresses in the windows of a milliner's or sewing-machine show-rooms. These are rented at forty or fifty dollars a night, and the trimmings are partly changed to suit the taste of each borrower. An opera-cloak costs two or three dollars more. The jewelry can be obtained at another house, where sets which pass as valuable in a crowd are rented for about three dollars a night. Thus a woman, by the expenditure of fifty dollars, may appear in the ballroom in such style as calls for a descriptive paragraph in the morning paper. There are some diamond-brokers in the city who loan their gems to responsible persons on good security, but their patrons are usually persons who would disdain to borrow any other part of the toilet. The most frequent demands on the evening-dress costumer's are from work-girls, whose own wardrobe is too scant and shabby to allow their appearance in "society." These vain, ambitious creatures gratify their passion for dress in an economical way. They may be accoutred in a cheap silk, trimmed with imitation laces, and bespangled with sham jewelry, for between five and ten dollars a night. A greater part or all of their week's earnings is exhausted by this frivolity, and they are punished, sometimes, by hunger. Yet have they not the satisfaction of admiring themselves in a mirror, and fancying themselves lions? Let us not be too harsh in our judgment upon them. We know ladies of social standing who are not above borrowing their friends' jewels, or even articles of dress, for an afternoon or evening only.

Thus far we have only referred to the costumer as an agent of vain pleasure-seekers; but he is also of service in another way to very different people. The trappings and the suits of woe are found in his stock, as well as the tawdry liveries of Momus, and he equips mourners for a funeral as readily as roistersers for a dance. Black-silk and alpaca dresses are provided for the women, and doeskins for the men. Hats, hat-bands, and gloves, are included in the outfit—all at an expense of three or four dollars for each person. In winter-time, too, he has sets of furs and overcoats to rent, at a charge of a dollar a night. Considering the risks incurred, his fees are not exorbitant, and, whether his business is for good or for evil, we will not decide. Certainly with his presence a time-honored and familiar nuisance is likely to become extinct. Students and victims of that literary curiosity, "The Complete Letter-Writer," will remember the effusion provided for the gentleman soliciting a loan in order that he may procure a suit of clothes, wanting which he is debarred from a most eligible situation: His shabbiness can be covered by the costumer, promptly and economically, and, with this hint to beggar and alms-giver, we retire.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE PRINCES OF THE CHURCH.

AN Italian writer, in describing one of those imposing ceremonies which now and then take place at the Basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome, portrays with graphic drawing the central figure, after the pope, of the papal court, as he descended from his carriage, and stalked through the portal and advanced along the nave of the ancient sanctuary. It was an occasion when Cardinal Antonelli was more than ever the object of public curiosity—it may be added, of public hatred. Cardinal d'Andrea, the most liberal and popular member of the Sacred College, had died suddenly and mysteriously in his palace; and the Romans suspected Antonelli of having got rid of his enemy by foul means. The pope, attended by his chief minister and his suite, had come to the Lateran to celebrate D'Andrea's funeral. Antonelli, tall, grim, slight of form, with a gait full of dignity and pride, his countenance still betraying traces of the brilliant masculine beauty for which his youth was celebrated; his great, lustrous, coal-black eyes glancing slowly around, his thin, tight lips half checking a disdainful smile, his fingers twirling the jeweled cross which hung on his breast—observed the indignant multitude without emotion, and the muttered curse, "Down with the murderer of D'Andrea!" without the quiver of a muscle. His guards gathered around him, and, protected by them, he reached the high altar safely; but for weeks afterward the life of the astute politician, who has been the chief staff and prop of Pius IX. during his long and eventful pontificate, was in daily and serious peril.

Antonelli, as we recall his stormy career of more than a quarter of a century, seems

the last of the great statesmen-cardinals. He appears one of that group of scarlet-robed and skull-capped figures who have, in different ages and different countries, acquired political power by ecclesiastical rank, or who have won ecclesiastical rank by the exercise of their political power. Are not craft, ingenuity, and cunning, combined with courage and sleepless energy, the predominant characteristics at once of the self-indulgent Wolsey and the ascetic Richelieu, of the supple Mazarin, the corrupt De Retz, and the haughty Ximenes?

From the moment when, at the age of thirty-nine, GIACOMO ANTONELLI was chosen Minister of Finance by Gregory XVI., to that when Victor Emmanuel, as King of Italy, took up his abode at the Quirinal, the papal policy was directed—it may be even said that the papal power was swayed—by this man of iron will, of indomitable courage, and of consummate craft. For his *forte* was not in the saying of masses or the controversies of consistories; he was not fashioned for the obscure rule of an Italian diocese, or the religious offices of the Roman churches. Shrewd old Gregory saw that his talent was for politics; that the secular conflicts of courts and cabinets was his field of action; and Antonelli, having reached the half-way stage to the priesthood, became a deacon, and remained a deacon for life. His abilities were so well recognized almost immediately after he entered the papal service that Pius made him a cardinal, and received him into his intimate confidence, within a year after he assumed the triple crown. "The spokesman of the Vatican," wrote home a German diplomat, years ago, "is not the pope, but Antonelli." The ascendancy which the cardinal so speedily acquired, and has so securely held, is another example of the influence which a strong and willful and superior mind can exercise over one that is weak, frank, and amiable. Pius has been, from first to last, indecisive and vacillating, far from clear-sighted, and, though obstinate, easily worked upon by the devices of an intellect at once superior and far more subtle. Antonelli, with a profound knowledge of character, and a master of the "art of putting things," soon learned how to twist and turn the prejudices and peculiar bent of the papal mind; and, once the controller of that mind, the repeated plots to undermine him in the pope's estimation, and to drive him from the offices which have accumulated in his hands—the secretaryship of state and the presidency of the cabinet, the prefecture of the apostolic palaces and the prefecture of the Congregation of Loretto—have one and all ignominiously failed. "Antonelli," says a vigorous writer, "is really master of the people, and King of Rome. Descended from the peasant class, he has, what princely families rarely have, talent, energy, courage; and he grasps the reins with a strong hand."

Antonelli's long period of power has been cast in what may, in years to come, be reverted to as the most momentous era of papal history. What the papacy has wrought in these twenty-seven years; what it has done of injury to itself; what it has done for its glory or welfare—must be debited or credited

to the cardinal-minister. He began by urging the pope to reform the abuses of the temporal administration; Antonelli could no more foresee the revolution than could Mazarin the Fronde. Thus he gave promise, not only of being a great popular hero, but of reconciling the papacy to the march of modern events. He was too late. Rome caught the infection of the French Revolution, and Pius and Antonelli were forced to leave the Eternal City. Two years after, the young cardinal returned, resolved to abandon all attempts at reform, and to persuade the pope—who needed little persuading after his exile—to rule with the stern, despotic rigor of his predecessors. In entering upon such a policy, Antonelli risked not only assassination, insurrection, and the opposition of men so jealous and able as D'Andrea, but he condemned the papacy to the inevitable collision with secular powers which has reduced the pope's dominions to "the Vatican and a garden." With all his intense devotion, however, to absolutist methods and the extremest conclusions of ultramontaniam, there is much to admire, if little to love or even reverence, in the great and intrepid cardinal's career. Sincerity may not be the obtrusive feature of his diplomatic dealings with the European courts, or of his course as a Roman minister; but it is certain that he has been exclusively wedded to the grandeur and power of the Holy See. To save, and, when it was lost, to recover the temporal power; to enforce upon the whole Church the dogmas of the immaculate conception and infallibility; to witness the return to the thrones of those who would truly be "Most Christian" and "Most Catholic" kings; to drive Victor Emmanuel from that Quirinal which is the traditional palace of the successors of St. Peter—these have been the eager aspirations of his later years. He has been the most faithful of the faithful to the kind and benevolent old man whom it has been his happiness to serve unceasingly and unflinchingly through early manhood, prime, and the first approaches of old age. What a notable figure is this tall, lustrous-eyed personage, with his hot blood under perpetual control, excepting now and then that it flushes his extraordinary countenance, and kindles a fire of indignant words, with his dry, sober smile, his rapid, gliding gait, his quick guesses at the thoughts of others, his immense power of work, his Titanic struggle against the weakness of his own position and the strength of that of his foes; he seems, whether we like him, or admire the results of his works or not, one of the towering figures of the age; and surely, in the history of this latter half of the nineteenth century, he will stand in the foreground with Bismarck, and Napoleon III., and Thiers; with Gladstone, and Cavour, and Castelar. Surely he is, without dispute, the chief of the modern Romans. All around him is mediocrity, respectable and unassuming, or foolishly conspicuous; he is the only great cardinal; the other lofty figures of the Roman Church of to-day—Dupanloup and Manning, for example—are not yet within the circle of those who wear red hats and the signet of holy priesthood.

The College of Cardinals, who constitute the supreme council of the hierarchy, and upon

whom must, ere very long, devolve the choice of a successor to the venerable Pius IX., and from the choice of which Antonelli, as being only a deacon, is excluded, contains, indeed, some men notable for intellectual and moral qualities. Asquini and Petra are famous for a fullness of lore in the classics and early literature of the Church. In Cardinal Bonaparte there is a startling reproduction of a great historic figure, for his square, sallow face, his close-cropped hair, and thin, sensitive nose, his thin lips, and large, expressive eye, instantly recall the first consul and emperor. Were his cousin still alive and reigning at Paris, his would be a formidable candidature for the tiara; but now his place in the history of cardinals will be that of a retiring, monkish, silent prelate, whose influence on the career of papacy was imperceptible. Cardinal Cullen, the only English-speaking cardinal, a bold, aggressive, militant Irishman, presents a remarkable contrast to the group of yellow-faced, aquiline-nosed, well-fed Italian eminences, among whom he seems to have strayed by accident. It is strange, indeed, considering that the cardinals are drawn from all ranks of Italian society—from the peasantry, like Casoni; from the middle classes, like Petra and Sorzo; and from the old nobility, like Pope Pius and Sforza—what a general likeness of stolidity and prosperous inactivity the Sacred College presents. A recent writer, glancing along the scarlet benches, sees but one striking figure; but one who, if elected pope, might revive the memories of Leo and Hildebrand, and inspire the faithful to a last tremendous struggle for papal supremacy. Cardinal Sforza, descended from the mediæval nobility whose feuds, at times, threatened to shake the thrones of the popes, is a brilliant and active prince—too active, probably, to secure the suffrage of his colleagues. "His face," it is said, "with its steady eyes, clear-cut features, and broad, determined chin, is that of a man who could have wielded the temporal power and made Rome safe."

The exact origin and antiquity of the office of cardinal are not known; but it is certain that it arose within the first five centuries of the Christian era. Some writers of the Church claim that it first appears in history in the records of the Second Roman Council, held under the presidency of the Pope Sylvester, in 324; but others cast suspicion on the authenticity of the evidence. However early cardinals may have been created, it was not until the election of Nicholas II., in 1058, that they appeared distinctly as electors of the pope. Hitherto the popes had been chosen either by the Christian sovereigns of Europe or by the Roman clergy, with the confirmation of those sovereigns. The title of cardinal appears to have been at first monopolized by the parish priests of the city of Rome and its vicinity, and to have, in process of time, been extended to the deacons of the parishes. Later, seven bishops attained the cardinalate, these, with the rest, being officially attached to the five great basilicas of Rome. It was not until 1159 that Alexander III., "the avenger of the murder of Thomas à Becket," went outside of Italy to appoint cardinals, that pontiff appointing to

the rank the Archbishop of Mayence. The increase in the number of the College of Cardinals has been a very gradual one: it consisted of but ten in the year 1243, and fourteen in 1254; there are now fourteen cardinal-deacons (not eligible to the papacy), fifty cardinal-priests, and six cardinal-bishops, who, with the twelve new cardinals just created by Pius IX., make a total in the college of eighty-two. The insignia of the cardinals were awarded to them from time to time by successive popes. It was Innocent IV. who, in 1243, conferred upon them the well-known red hat. Paul II., one of the Venetian nobility, gave them authority to wear the red gown; the red skull-cap was introduced by Gregory XIV. (Sfondrate) late in the sixteenth century; the cardinals did not become "eminences" until 1623, under Urban VIII. The cardinals represent the clergy of Rome; each derives a title from one of the Roman churches, and they elect the Bishop of Rome, who, by that office, is pope. The cardinal must visit the church from which he derives his designation at least once in a twelvemonth; but this he may do—and most often does—in the person of his vicar.

It need scarcely be said that the cardinals generally live in princely state, the example of the enlightened and benevolent Ganganelli, who became Clement XIV., and who, after being created a cardinal, continued to wear the coarse Franciscan garb, and to live with all the austere simplicity and lowliness of a friar, is seldom followed in these days. Antonelli inhabits a noble palace on the summit of the Quirinal Hill; everywhere in Rome the cardinals seem to have succeeded to the ostentation and grandeur of the Colonnas and Orsinis of Rienzi's time. The cardinals, to be sure, receive only the modest stipend of twenty thousand lire—four thousand dollars; but they are always provided with wealthy benefices and prolific parishes, and some of them are already possessed of great private fortunes. They have their chaplains and confessors, their valets and physicians; each is the centre of a little court; they ride in scarlet-trimmed coaches, emblazoned with ecclesiastical heraldry, and are never seen walking in the street. In the processions, each cardinal is usually followed by two attendants in cocked hats and knee-breeches.

It is sufficient to say of the functions of the cardinals, that they are the chief advisers of the Holy Father in administering both the political and ecclesiastical affairs of his office, and choose, from among their own number—or, rather, from the cardinal-priests and cardinal-bishops—his successor. It is not a positive law of the Church that the pope should be a cardinal, any more than it is that he should be an Italian; but the traditions of centuries have made these conditions quite as strong as positive law. The utmost formality and ceremony surround the choice of a new pope. As soon as the occupant dies, the chamberlain, who must be a cardinal, enters the room where he lies, and, in the presence of such of the cardinals as can be summoned, cries out, calling the deceased by name, "Art thou dead?" three times; and then gives the response himself, "He is dead." He advances to the corpse, takes the

pontifical ring from the dead pope's finger, and breaks it. Then the bells of St. Peter's and the other basilicas, and of the capitol, ring out the knell which announces the event to the Roman people. The dead pope is robed in the apparel of his rank, and is laid in magnificent state in the Sistine Chapel, just before the high altar. The bier is lighted with long, dim tapers, and a number of priests remain in the chapel, praying and chanting, throughout the twenty-four hours. Here the body remains for nine days; the people are admitted to view it, and to salute the feet with their lips. At the end of the allotted period, the deceased pontiff is placed in a coffin, splendidly decorated, and is borne to the tomb in the Cathedral of St. Peter's, which has been prepared for it. It is only after this last sombre rite has been performed, with much ceremony, that the cardinals meet in conclave to choose the succeeding pontiff. The cardinal-chamberlain acts as the head of the Church during the brief interregnum. The princes of the Church first assemble before the high altar in St. Peter's, where the mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated. They then repair to a long and rather gloomy apartment in the Vatican, where they are virtually incarcerated until they have conferred the most majestic of earthly honors upon one of their own number. This apartment is separated into a number of small rooms or cells, in each of which a cardinal takes his place. They are dressed in green and red, while those who were created by the pope just deceased wear robes of violet serge. Over each cell is hung the coat-of-arms of the occupant. The Vatican is carefully guarded by the pontifical soldiery; and the cardinals are provided with a number of attendants. Every precaution is taken to isolate the conclave from every influence of the outer world. Once a day, the conclave issues from the little closets, hears mass, and proceeds to vote for a pope; and thus they continue from day to day until two-thirds of all the votes cast are concentrated upon one name, which is thereupon declared to be that of the new pontiff. As each cardinal places his vote on the altar, he recites an oath to observe the canons prescribing the method of election. Accounts vary as to the significance of the smoke which the multitudes outside observe curling up through the chimney of the apartment where the cardinals are known to be assembled. It is said by some that, as each ballot is taken, the votes are thrown into the fire and burned, and that the smoke thus indicates that there has been no election; whereas, the absence of smoke betrays that a choice has been made. Others relate that no votes are burned until there is an election; and that the rising smoke shows that, the votes being burned, an election has been accomplished. However this may be, the declaration that a choice has been made is immediately followed by the announcement of the fact to the pope-elect by the master of the ceremonies. He advances into the Vatican chapel, the robes of pontifical royalty are assumed, and the cardinals, according to seniority, advance and make the new master their obeisances. Then the new pope repairs to the balcony looking out upon the great square; the senior cardi-

mal-deacon makes the proclamation: "I announce great joy to you; we have a pope; he is Cardinal —, and his pontifical name is"—Gregory, or Pius, or Clement, as he may choose. Many are the ceremonies which succeed the election. The pope returns to his little room till dinner, when he emerges to dine alone in the hall of the Vatican. Thence he is borne to the Sistine Chapel, where the cardinals again make adoration, kissing various parts of his body. Soldiers bear him on a canopied throne to the high altar of St. Peter's, where the ceremony of adoration is once again performed; and then he is permitted to seek rest and reflection in the private apartments of the pontifical palace. In a few days follows the gorgeous pageant of the coronation, full of symbolical solemnity and beauty, after which the pope gives the benediction to the people from the balcony of St. Peter's; and the evening is spent in illuminations, bonfires, and general festivity.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

WRECK.

I.

AFTER the tempest-roar
The shell sighs on the shore.

A ship shines, rosiely,
One sail-gleam, far at sea.

Waves toss, pear by, a mast—
The last Hope climbed it last.

II.

After the tempest-roar
The shell sighs on the shore.

A maiden, by the sea,
Sees the sail shine rosiely.

On shore the mast is flung—
The dead Hope, dying, clung!

JOHN JAMES PLATT.

MISCELLANY.

HERBERT SPENCER'S SOCIOLOGY.*

[A Letter from Professor Youmans to the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*.]

IN your issue of December 20th there is a leading article entitled "Spencer on Sociology," which is of so misleading a character to those who cannot read its *animus* between the lines that I am constrained to ask a portion of your space for some corrections.

The writer says of Mr. Spencer's recently published volume, "The Study of Sociology," that it is "a very commonplace performance," bearing throughout "ineffaceable marks of crudity and juvenility," with "disfiguring excrecences" in "saddening contrast" to this author's former works, and he professes to be filled with regret "that the book should ever have been written at all." This very decided opinion, I think, cannot have been derived from any candid and intelligent examination of the work, or else your writer is very singular in his judgment of books. That Mr. Spencer has suddenly lapsed into imbecility is, of course, an admissible hypothesis, if the facts are forthcoming to sustain it; but your writer gives us only his unsupported opinion. It is not merely a question of convicting Mr. Spencer of being a "dolt," but of convincing the most intelligent portion of the American and English public of a similar doltishness. The

successive chapters of this work were published during a year and a half in widely-circulated periodicals of both countries. With these opportunities of deliberate criticism the articles have been extensively republished by the press, and generally remarked on in a strain of high commendation. When reprinted as a volume, a large English edition went off almost at the first moment of its appearance, and, though issued here in the panic, it has met with an equal success—a success far beyond that of any of the author's former works. Nor is this all. So able and important have the views put forth in these papers been regarded that repeated and urgent applications have been made by men of eminent standing in this country that they should be reprinted in a cheap pamphlet-form for extensive distribution. That a work characterized by such traits of worthlessness as the writer in the *Daily Graphic* ascribes to this should have met with such a reception from the most thoughtful portion of the reading public is, in my opinion, simply absurd.

Again, the writer remarks of the work: "No one will lay it down without inquiring, Is this, after all, the final outcome of the philosophy of the 'Unknowable' when applied to man and society?" I venture to remind him that sociology belongs to the philosophy of the "Knowable," and not to that of the "Unknowable." Mr. Spencer's system is falsely designated as the philosophy of the "Unknowable." Of his projected scheme, embracing eleven volumes, the treatment of the "Unknowable" occupies exactly one hundred and twenty-three introductory pages, and, if it had been dispensed with, the system itself would have been exactly what it is now. If the question be, Is this new volume the outcome of the philosophy of the "Knowable," or Mr. Spencer's system of thought? the reply is, Certainly not, and it never was intended to be. "The Study of Sociology" is not a part of his system, not a manual of social science, but only a popular preliminary discussion of various questions pertaining to it.

Your writer complains that he is not instructed as to what sociology is. He says of Mr. Spencer's book: "After a careful perusal of it the reader fails to find any adequate statement of the domain of sociology. . . . Nowhere does Mr. Spencer seem to have formulated this problem in any thing like definite language." Of this it may be said that while Mr. Spencer did not attempt the scientific presentation of the subject, which he will elsewhere undertake, he could not well avoid assuming a certain amount of intelligence on the part of the class of readers whom he addressed. This, however, is a singular charge to be made by one who assumes familiarity with his former works, for, in his prospectus to "The Philosophic System," published in 1860, and extensively distributed as a circular, reprinted in his "Education" and other essays, and prefixed to all the editions of "First Principles," he has explicitly stated the problems and defined the domain of sociology. And not only has he there indicated the nature and scope of the data and inductions of the science, but under eleven heads he has stated in detail the contents of the three volumes to be devoted to the Principles of Sociology. If the writer in the *Daily Graphic* does not know what sociology is (which may be more than suspected from his foggy attempt to describe it), it is certainly not Mr. Spencer's fault.

Having pronounced upon "The Study of Sociology" as a book fit only to be produced by a "young person" without "definite ideas on the subject," the writer in the *Daily Graphic* is inclined to apologize for Mr. Spencer as a victim in the matter. He quotes the preface, in which the author states that he was instigated to write it by an American

friend, and only did so after long resisting the proposal. The language employed by Mr. Spencer is liable to very easy perversion by the unscrupulous, and your writer makes the most of his opportunity. As this is a personal question in which I am directly concerned, and as there is an aspect of the case which Mr. Spencer did not choose to present, although it may be inferred by any fair-minded reader, I will here say a few words in explanation of my agency in the matter. Your writer's case in a nutshell is this: Mr. Spencer has written a book disgraceful to his reputation, and not fit to be published, because he was bullied into it by an American friend, and could not help himself. He says Mr. Spencer was compelled "to write a book against his will, simply because an American admirer . . . so desired. Now, we submit that it was far from fair in this American to 'corner' Mr. Spencer in this way. Mr. Youmans might easily have foreseen that, if Mr. Spencer did not do his book *con amore*, it would be a failure, and as such would help to retard the due recognition of his other works." How far the work *has* proved a "failure," after protracted exposure to criticism from a public little inclined to leniency in its judgment of Mr. Spencer, has been already shown, and it was certainly easy to foresee. The reasons why I urged Mr. Spencer to prepare such a volume are the following:

He had been for ten years developing a system of thought of great public importance, as acknowledged by the first intellects of his country and of ours. But the mode of publication he was compelled to adopt, in order to sustain the enterprise, was unfavorable to its wide recognition, and it consequently had taken very little hold of the general public. The result was that the nature of his work was grossly and extensively misunderstood. There was a vague impression that Mr. Spencer was a hare-brained speculator—a philosopher of the "Unknowable," given to wire-drawn metaphysical subtilities, and whose views had little, if any, bearing on the practical concerns of life; while others regarded his system as potent only for evil, a piece of dangerous and destructive iconoclasm. While his ideas were mastered by a few who recognized their value, they were flogged by many without recognition, and put off as original, so that, when reappearing in his own works, their author was regarded as a plagiarist. He had struggled along to that stage of his undertaking when the sociological division was to be entered upon, for which all the rest was but a preparation. The enterprise had had but a meagre support, and his prospective arrangements to deal with the sociology had overwhelmed him with debt. In this state of things it was felt to be desirable that Mr. Spencer should adopt some means of bringing his views more fully before the public, that a portion at least of the general prejudice and misrepresentation should be dispelled, and the future portions of the "Philosophical System" should have a better chance of just recognition. The *Saturday Review* has been lately stimulated to say: "It seems hardly worth while for a philosopher to spend time in popularizing his own ideas. There are many persons more or less competent to work out the various applications of Mr. Herbert Spencer's thoughts, or to bring the general character of his results to the notice of such as cannot or will not appreciate them at first hand; but there is no other person who can produce or organize the thoughts themselves." Most true. But suppose that this is not done, and that the "competent" parties prefer to appropriate rather than to popularize the ideas, and that the misrepresentations of the press are so malignant that the author is constrained to withdraw his works from review, while their support is so inade-

* This letter is reprinted here in response to numerous inquiries for it.—EDITOR JOURNAL.

quate as to embarrass him and imperil their continuance, is it not, then, proper for him to take measures of self-protection? It was precisely because others had not done it for him that it became desirable for Mr. Spencer to do it himself. I, therefore, took the liberty of suggesting that he should pause in the systematic execution of his work, and make such a popular representation of its nature, its need, its difficulties, and its general claims, as seemed to be urgently demanded by the state of public thought, and as it would be impossible to include in his regular course of exposition. The proposition, be it remembered, was not that Mr. Spencer should deflect his mind from the great line of inquiry which he was pursuing, but briefly to occupy himself with the immediate bearings of his subject in such a way as could not fail to give increased effectiveness and public value to his future expositions. Nor is it by any means certain that the effect upon Mr. Spencer of giving close thought for a time to the application of his views to the present interests of society will not prove a salutary exercise preparatory to his discussion of the problems of social science. It was undoubtedly a serious matter for determination, and that he was reluctant to make any change in his already extensive plans of labor was but natural. But I did not press the idea upon him until its propriety was decisively confirmed by intimate friends of Mr. Spencer, in whose judgment I had the greatest confidence. It could not be otherwise than that he should be disinclined to suspend his methodical work; but, the more he thought of the proposal, the more desirable did it seem, and he yielded to it at length only because it was approved by his best judgment—a judgment which, as he now admits, experience has fully justified. In his preface he says:

"Since commencing the work I have not regretted that I was led to undertake it. Various considerations, which seemed needful by way of introduction to the 'Principles of Sociology,' presently to be written, and which yet could not be conveniently included in it, have found in this preliminary volume a fit place. Much illustrative material also, partly accumulated during past years, lying unused, I have thus gained an occasion for turning to account. Further, the opportunity has been afforded me for commenting on special topics which the 'Principles of Sociology' could not properly recognize, and of commenting on them in a style inadmissible in a purely philosophical treatise—a style adapted, however, as I hope, to create such interest in the subject as may excite to serious pursuit of it."

It was important that Mr. Spencer should relieve himself from the false position in which he had been involved by his mode of publication, and secure fair play in the future; and there is abundant evidence that this end has been very satisfactorily attained. His hands having been tied, the blows were all on one side; the balance is now, however, partially redressed, as Froude, Kingsley, Arnold, Gladstone, and others, can probably testify. The public has been set to thinking upon the subjects with which Mr. Spencer will deal in his forthcoming works on "Descriptive Sociology" and the "Principles of Sociology," and these works, when they appear, will be certain to attract a due share of general attention. After ignoring him for fifteen years, the English press has suddenly awakened to the necessity of attending to him. Two of the last quarterly reviews give him each a broadside. The English premier is sharply after him in speeches and letters; the *Saturday Review* honors him with its frequent and considerate regard; and the minor press is busy canvassing his opinions. All this remarkable outbreak of interest has followed the publication of Mr. Spencer's papers on the "Study of Sociology." It is also

highly interesting to notice the sudden solicitude that has been aroused concerning Mr. Spencer's other works, and the anxiety evinced for the continuance of his "Philosophical System." Even the writer in the *Daily Graphic* waxes lachrymose over the "saddening" "shortcomings" of Mr. Spencer's last performance, because "Mr. Youmans might easily have foreseen" that it "would help to retard the due recognition of his other works," which he characterizes as "the acute and original volumes that have made Mr. Spencer's name famous in the philosophical world." I have the pleasure of informing him that I foresaw exactly the contrary effect; and he will no doubt be consoled to learn that the publication of the papers on the "Study of Sociology" has very greatly increased the sale and usefulness of all those "acute and original volumes."

That Mr. Spencer contributed his book to the "International Scientific Series" was simply because it afforded him the best channel of publication for the object he had in view. That it was written *con amore*, when Mr. Spencer had made up his mind to undertake it at all, may be fairly inferred from the fact that he expended it to more than twice the dimensions originally intended.

Having shown to his own satisfaction that Mr. Spencer's book is a piece of crude juvenility, unfit for publication, and got up in the interest of a publishing project, your writer concludes that the whole series, of which this is a part, must be of the same sort. He says: "Already is it beginning to be whispered that the 'International Scientific Series' is a mere waste-basket for old chips that could not find a place elsewhere. Certain it is, no first-class book, except Bagehot's 'Physics and Politics,' has yet appeared in it."

There is nothing like accuracy of statement, and it is instructive to know that this conclusion has taken the form of a "whisper." It may be that there is some mysterious significance in the pitch at which an idea is vocalized; but, as for this writer, we doubt if it makes any difference whether he sibilates his opinions to himself in half-suppressed demi-semiquavers, or roars them to the world through a fog-trumpet—their obliquity may safely be assumed as a constant quantity. Regarding old waste-basket chips, if by that is meant materials ready for a publisher, Bagehot's was the only book that answered to this condition. It is, moreover, a curious piece of information that such authors as Tyndall, Bagehot, Bain, Edward Smith, and Herbert Spencer, are driven to any disposition of their books "because they could not find a place elsewhere." I happen to know that leading publishers in England, France, and Germany, were sharp competitors for the opportunity of issuing these works. As for the estimate of your writer in regard to the character of the books of the "International Series," we have seen what it is worth in relation to the last issued, and need not be much concerned about what he thinks of those that preceded it. E. L. YOUMANS.

THE GRAND-DUKE ALEXIS'S BOOK.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Baltic Gazette* furnishes an interesting synopsis of the second and third volumes of the book written by or for the Grand-duke Alexis of Russia on his recent voyage around the world,* which we translate for the JOURNAL. In the first volume, as our readers will remember, the grand-duke gave a somewhat humorous account of his adventures in the United States.

* *APPENDIX* to the JOURNAL for January 10, contained a brief synopsis of the first volume of the grand-duke's book of travels.

The second volume of this superb book, perhaps the most magnificent that was ever issued from the Russian press, opens with a general criticism of American institutions and popular manners. It is refreshing to hear what an imperial prince has to say about the former. He believes that the soil of America naturally was destined for republican institutions. "There is an astonishing self-reliance about Americans," he writes, not without genuine enthusiasm; "and this, to the most casual observer, together with their wonderful, unparalleled information of the general principles of government, accounts for their fitness for republican institutions. The smallest school-boy in the United States knows the names of the eminent presidents of his country. No one can convince anybody that General Washington was not the noblest man ever placed at the head of any nation. Of their war with Mexico they are very proud, as well they may be, according to my opinion; for they routed large Mexican armies, well armed and intrepidly commanded, with mere handfuls of soldiers. I was reluctant to converse much on the recent civil war, as I still found considerable feeling on either side; and I principally conversed with some intimate military friends on the great events in which they bore conspicuous parts. Nothing could be more touching and thrilling than the modest accounts which these true heroes gave of exploits which the ancients would have immortalized in tablets of bronze. . . . The infantry of America seems to suffer from some of the defects of the French—too much *élan* and too much independence of the privates—still, very admirable material. But I did not know why they were uniformed in so unattractive a manner. Some of the militia regiments in New York, and even in the West, look prouder and nicer than the regular troops of the line. The artillery is well armed, although some of the guns I saw seemed to have just issued from a protracted campaign. The cavalry is splendidly mounted, and, from what I saw, consists mostly of capital fellows. . . ."

The courts of the United States, it seems to the Grand-duke Alexis, lack the solemnity which surrounds those of Great Britain and other European countries. "This," he writes, "is the more singular, as the people take the utmost interest in judicial proceedings, both criminal and civil. At first blush, it almost might seem as though nearly all intelligent men in the country were lawyers, so well are they informed concerning the rudiments of the laws. Besides, they are born orators: their fluency of speech has oftentimes excited my utmost surprise. . . ."

The grand-duke is not very enthusiastic concerning his impressions of Cuba. He had looked for a climate of balmy mildness, and, in its stead, he found one of extreme and most disagreeable changeability. He declares that, during a day of rain and storm in Havana, he was more chilled than during any of his protracted bear-hunts, in Russian midwinter, on the frozen banks of Lake Onega. But he speaks very highly of the beauty of the Cuban ladies, some of whom, he thinks, entirely realize the most idealistic dreams of female beauty. The men, on the other hand, looked to him puny, and as entirely unworthy physical representatives of the Castilian race. "There is a striking difference," he writes, "between the Spanish battalions from the Basque provinces, which I saw in Havana and Matanzas, and the crowd of male Cuban spectators who, with me, looked at them. The former were tall, slender, erect, with large heads generally; the latter seemed, as a rule, effeminate, and very little fit for the hardships of the camp and field."

Cuban food did not agree very well with the northern stomach of his imperial highness.

He does not give any particulars of his disagreeable culinary experiences in the Gem of the Antilles, but the following extract will show what he thought:

"The sharp air and the long drive had given me a keen appetite, and I sighed for a good steak. This could not be had, and for cakes and chocolate I did not care in the least. I had begun to hate the very sight of them."

Was it, perhaps, owing to this, that the prince seemed so well pleased with his now-forgotten sea-voyage to Brazil? He treats his readers to extensive descriptions of all the magnificent beauties of the ocean in the tropics. The atmosphere had never seemed to him so transparent, the sky was beautiful in the daytime, and indescribably enchanting after nightfall. And then the catching of sharks and dolphins, the glowing of the sea, flying fishes, southern birds, etc.—all this is very well described, and very readable.

At length the imperial traveler set foot on the soil of Brazil. To the incomparable bay of Rio Janeiro he devotes a whole chapter, which the correspondent whom we quote pronounces a very creditable prose-poem. What struck the prince as his most singular experience, after landing in the capital of Brazil, was, that colored folks were treated as the perfect equals of the white race. "This was like Russia," he says, "where we know no distinction of color." The first person who welcomed him on his arrival was a mulatto, a superior customs-officer, who addressed the grand-duke in excellent French. "It is strange how similar French and Portuguese sound when well spoken," he writes. "The Portuguese language seemed to me to possess rare beauties. It pleased me much better than the Spanish." Five days were devoted to the exploration of Rio Janeiro and its environs. "It is a magnificent place to live in for a short time," writes the grand-duke. "But I soon got tired of the heat and the insects. How I longed to be a boy again, when I and my brother used to hunt for beetles and butterflies! Such superb specimens as I saw in the gardens of Rio Janeiro! But their humming prevented me from getting my night's rest." The grand-duke visited the libraries and scientific institutions, and was well pleased with every thing he saw; but he is ungallant enough to confess that the ladies of Rio Janeiro did not make a very agreeable impression upon him. "They are, as a rule, too round-faced," he writes; "and I met but few among them that were even passably good-looking. Nor was there any thing striking about the men. I was present at a sitting of the Brazilian Parliament, and the assembly appeared to me as a very ordinary body of men. Not one of them seemed to be an orator of distinction."

The same unfavorable opinion is passed on the Brazilian soldiers: "They look like feeble half-breeds. The American negro troops present by far a better appearance. But this seems to be the great trouble in all Central and South American states. The armies everywhere look languid and almost contemptible; and yet, those countries wage war almost continually."

In the correspondent's synopsis now occurs a considerable gap. He next gives a few extracts from the grand-duke's opinions on Japan. One of the significant passages which he quotes is the following:

"From all I can see, these singular people are making very rapid progress; and, what astonishes me most, they look with extreme good-nature upon their foreign preceptors. Of these there are a great many. And another peculiar feature which struck me very forcibly of this mixture of teachers from different nationalities in Japan is, that all of them seem to get along better and more harmoniously than anywhere else. At Yeddo I found four high officials in the same depart-

ment: one was a Frenchman, the second an Englishman, the third an American, and the fourth a German. I asked the latter how he and his colleagues were getting along together. 'Oh, very well,' he replied; 'we never quarrel—we are too far away from home to do that.'

As usual, the grand-duke had to say something about the appearance of the people. He seems to have discovered some great beauties among the Japanese women, whom, despite the peculiar shape of their eyes, he pronounces "decidedly natty and arch." For the men, too, he has a few good words: "They are hardy, active, and respectful. The mikado's troops, in their new uniforms, look splendid," he writes, "and the 'Radetzky March' was performed by one of their bands as creditably as I ever heard it."

His imperial highness must have fallen, culinarily speaking, into very good hands in the East, for he relates, with evident glee, how he fared in two private residences at Yokohama and Yeddo, where he was initiated into the mysteries of Japanese cookery. Their confectionery, he writes, cannot be surpassed, and their tea, too, is gratefully remembered as "indescribably fragrant."

The correspondent of the *Baltic Gazette* closes as follows:

"On the whole, I was much interested in the volume. The opinions of the grand-duke may sometimes be crude; they certainly are often naïve; but they are always the emanations of a frank, kind, young heart—refreshingly candid, often shrewd, and never ill-natured. The young man, I am sure, is a credit to the house to which he belongs."

A HARD-WORKING EMPEROR.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of Francis Joseph of Hapsburg to the crown of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was celebrated almost everywhere in the vast territories on the Danube, the Moldau, and the Theiss, amid acclamations whose enthusiasm strangely contrasted with the unfeigned excretion with which the young emperor, in 1848, was universally greeted. The fact is, Francis Joseph, although by no means a brilliant man, has succeeded in gaining the good-will of his people through the hard-working perseverance and stubborn energy with which he devoted himself for so many years to the arduous task of solving the so-called Austrian problem, perhaps the knottiest of those with which European statesmen have nowadays to deal.

His whole life, since that eventful December day in 1848, when he was so unexpectedly proclaimed Emperor of Austria, has been one of unremitting toil, and of labors of whose nature only those can form an adequate idea who have had an insight into the every-day life of this sovereign.

He rises invariably at six o'clock, and reads the newspapers while sipping his morning coffee. Then he takes a walk of half an hour through the park at Schönbrunn or Laxenburg, listening all the time to the synopsis of the letters just received, which his faithful companion and private secretary, Count Brunner, gives to him. They next return to the emperor's private cabinet, and the secretary takes notes of the emperor's decision concerning the petitions and other applications sent to him. These decisions are given in the seven different languages, which Francis Joseph speaks fluently, according to the tongue in which the applications are written. Frequently two hundred papers are thus attended to before nine o'clock. Then the ministers make their appearance with their reports. They remain with his majesty until eleven. When they are gone the emperor

eats a frugal lunch, a few boiled eggs, and bread-and-butter, takes a small glass of imperial tokay, and hurries into the reception-hall. There he takes his stand beside a writing-desk, the doors are thrown open, and all who want to see him are admitted in rapid succession. These audiences have a decidedly patriarchal aspect, and the utmost care is taken not to slight any of those who wish to speak to the emperor on account of their poverty or humble station in life.

The emperor himself frequently looks into the anteroom, and, when he sees some old persons there, he motions to them to step up to him, and asks the younger applicants to wait, even though they belong to the highest circles of society.

At one o'clock Francis Joseph leaves the audience-hall, and hastens to the apartments of the empress, where he sees his children. He takes especial delight in examining his son, the Crown-prince Rudolph, about his lessons, and then takes the lad out with him on a ride. Generally they witness the parades of some of the regiments of the garrison of Vienna; but never stay very long, for it is a well-known fact that neither the emperor nor his son is a lover of military pageants; and the emperor shirks the task of reviewing his troops whenever he can.

At two he is back in his cabinet, and the next hour is devoted to the reception of foreign ambassadors, or other important personages. At three o'clock a cup of strong, black coffee and a few cakes are rapidly consumed by the emperor, who then listens to the report which his secretary gives him concerning the events of the day, the sittings of the Reichsrath, etc. This generally takes him until five o'clock, when he goes to his dinner. For the pleasures of the table Francis Joseph cares no more than Victor Emmanuel or William I. His favorite dish is roast chicken, and he eats it with equal relish and dispatch, moistening it with a few draughts of tokay. The whole meal does not last more than twenty minutes, except on gala occasions, when he remains about one hour at the table.

He next hastens back to his cabinet, and those who could watch him there would undoubtedly be greatly interested. There is a telegraph instrument in the cabinet, and the emperor, who is a remarkably good operator, having learned this as his trade, listens with close attention to the clicking of the wires, and sends every now and then a telegram himself, this being his favorite mode of corresponding with his personal friends and favorites.

At eight he accompanies the empress to the opera or the Schauspielsplatz, but rarely remains more than half an hour. At ten he is invariably back in his cabinet, and devotes an hour or two to reading the new publications, with which one of his tables is covered.

Frequently important news arrives at an advanced hour of the night. The emperor always receives his advisers, even though he be very tired. He rarely goes to bed until long after midnight, and generally sleeps only a little over four hours.

Such is the almost invariable routine of the every-day life of the present head of the house of Hapsburg. It is evidently a hard strain upon the health of the emperor, which is by no means good, and his face bears a curious expression of weariness, and his eyes begin to look dim. Nevertheless, his habits are so temperate, correct, and regular, that he can laugh at his physicians, who are often telling him that he is slowly killing himself.

His only recreation is the chase. Chamois-hunting in the Tyrolean Alps is his favorite pastime, and he looks forward with the innocent joy of a boy to a week's rambling among the glaciers, with his short rifle on his back, in which he indulges every other month. He

is a remarkably fine marksman, and he never returns without having brought down several representatives of this fleet-footed and coy game. Frequently his venturesome character has led him to the brink of precipices, and into gorges from which he had almost as much difficulty in extricating himself as his ancestor, the Emperor Maximilian I., had, in 1519, in escaping from the terrible Martin-swand in the Tyrol, near Innsbruck.—*Berlin National Gazette.*

SCRIBE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

SCRIBE, rather below than above the medium size, with smooth gray hair, delicately-cut features, and dark, expressive eyes, neatly, almost foppishly, dressed, precise and serious in his manner, received me very kindly, for which I was doubly grateful when I came to know how fully his time was occupied. He had just at that time three pieces in rehearsal—besides "*Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*," an opera, "*Caïsida*" at the Opéra Comique, and a one-act piece at the Gymnase.

After the first representation of "*Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*," which was brilliantly successful, I called on the poet again. He wanted to know if his new piece would be as successful in Germany as his "*Verre d'Eau*." I assured him that I was of opinion that it would, and incautiously added: "Especially the character of *Francis I.*; the scene in which his sister, by awakening recollections of their mother, induces him to drink with her, and thus rescues him from voluntary starvation, will be even more effective in Germany than it is here."

Scribe became suddenly very grave.

"The second act," said he, "or, in fact, the entire character of *Francis I.*, is by Legouvé, my joint laborer."

That I ought to have known, as I had made a special study of his pieces. I made the best reply I could, and at least convinced him that I was quite familiar with all he had written.

"Then you know our literature," said he. "What an advantage! We, I at least, know almost nothing of the literature of other nations."

"And yet," I replied, "you have made an admirable adaptation of one of the gems of our dramatic literature to the French stage—'*Die Geschwister*,' of Goethe."

Scribe blushed.

"Here again," said he, "I am indebted to a joint laborer, who made a simple translation of the piece, and brought it to me for my opinion. In the form it was, I thought it unavailable for us, so I rewrote it. It certainly gained nothing poetically by the changes I made, but it was, doubtless, better adapted to the tastes of our theatre-going public."

I asked how it was possible for two to work on the same play.

"Oh, on small pieces, particularly vaudevilles, it is very easy," said he. "The one furnishes the idea, then the framework is made in common; this is usually, for the most part, my work. This done, we divide the scenes between us, each taking those he has most aptitude for, which depends mainly on the characters they contain. At other times, the one writes all the dialogue, and then submits it to the other, who elaborates or curtails, as, in his judgment, is advisable. The couplets are frequently made by a third person, who has nothing else to do with writing the piece whatever. With longer pieces it is much more difficult. Here a thorough understanding, and a definite plan that embraces the smallest details are necessary. The execution of the plan, when it is once determined upon, is comparatively easy,

although herein things sometimes occur that change the original idea very materially. This was, indeed, the case with '*Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*.' My idea was to make the piece a lively comedy, and whoever is familiar with *les contes*, and the character of the gay and dashing *Margaret*, will find it difficult to picture her with other than cheerful and sprightly surroundings. Legouvé, however, directly he began the second act, which seems to have pleased you so much, fell into a serious, almost tragic tone, which certainly makes a good background for the comedy acts that follow, although it results in making the *King* almost an episode. Legouvé had now to write the fifth act, and gave it a really tragic ending, which was quite contrary to our original plan. I protested, but we could not agree, so we decided to each write a fifth act, to submit both to the actors, and let them determine which should be acted. They chose mine almost unanimously, which necessitated the making of very considerable changes in the other acts; this my friend Legouvé cheerfully undertook to do."

I could not help expressing my amazement that they had ventured to intrust the principal character of their piece to a young lady who had never before faced an audience—the then marvelously-beautiful Madeleine Brohan, who, at that time, was hardly eighteen years old.

"And still you saw nothing of the novice in her, I am sure," said Scribe, smiling. "We wrote the part expressly for her, and the risk we took was not a great one either, for we knew she had great talent, as well as great beauty. Besides, Samson, her teacher at the Conservatory, vouched for her. And then she studied the part with him until she was familiar with every modulation, accent, and movement, when she came to the first rehearsals, of which we had forty."

Here I had the secret of the marvelously smooth and perfect representations of the French stage. And what an advantage for the authors, who are always present at the rehearsals of their pieces! In this way they become thoroughly familiar with the stage, and with all the means by which effects are produced.—*Pullitz's "Recollections of the Stage."*

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE Italian opera was to begin its winter season in November, with Henrietta Sontag in "*La Sonnambula*," her first appearance in Paris since her withdrawal from the stage, and her marriage with Count Rossi. The announcement excited unusual interest, and the venture gave rise to much discussion, although the countess had already shown in London that, in her parts, she was still the first singer in the world.

But just this English recognition made the Parisians mistrustful. In art-matters they refuse to accept any foreign opinion. Nay, more; they seem to think that, without their indorsement, no one in the art-world can be really famous.

The opening night came, and Sontag appeared, but not a hand was raised to give her the welcome which her name and fame would have justified. Those who were most kindly disposed toward her demanded that she should first prove to them that she merited their suffrages. "We would have it understood," said they, "that hearsay has no weight with us." In fact, the atmosphere of the auditorium was little short of hostile. The friends and countrymen of the singer were painfully anxious with regard to the result; but our fears were soon dispelled. During her first scene the question was asked on every hand:

"Is that really Henrietta Sontag, the mother of grown children, the singer who,

twenty years ago, delighted us with her matchless art?"

In fact, Sontag, despite a certain fullness of figure, looked so youthful, was so graceful in all her movements, and her voice was so fresh, that it was not at all surprising that it should soon be whispered around, that it was not the countess herself, but her daughter. But now the singer displayed such marvelous art and power that it seemed as though there were for her no difficulties. She quickly convinced her auditors, not only that she was the Sontag they had known in years gone by, but also compelled them, despite their reluctance, to testify their admiration in tremendous applause. At the end of the first act she was called and recalled, and from this time on, till the end of the opera, the enthusiasm continued to increase. This single representation decided the fate of the Italian opera for that season, and won for Henrietta Sontag the first place in the admiration of the Parisian opera-going public.

In one thing this remarkable woman, during all her eventful career, was rich—the homage she received from all who approached her, whether during the struggles of her early theatrical life, during the years of her attri- triumphs, or during her retirement and social elevation. And this homage she ever merited, not alone by her brilliant talents and superb beauty, but also by her sterling virtues, her innate grace, her uniform amiability, and her genuine goodness of heart.

And yet, in spite of the anxious interest I felt in the result of that evening's performance, and the extent to which I shared the general enthusiasm, Sontag's *Sonnambula* could not efface or lessen the impression another representative of the part—Jenny Lind—had made on me. If Jenny Lind was inferior to Henrietta Sontag in her knowledge of the art of singing, especially of singing Italian music, and I might add, perhaps, in beauty of voice, still she surpassed her in her thoroughly original conceptions, which lent to her renditions an irresistible charm.

A year later I saw Sontag in London as *Daughter of the Regiment*, which she sang and played with the *flan* of a girl of sixteen. And then a year afterward I saw her in Hamburg for the last time. At that time she was at the very zenith of her wonderful powers, and then I witnessed one of her personations which, in my judgment, was the greatest performance it has ever been my good fortune to witness on any stage—her *Susanna* in Mozart's "*Figaro*." There may be Italian singers who can equal her *Sonnambula*, French singers who can equal her *Daughter of the Regiment*; but the *Susanna* of the German Mozart, as rendered by the German Henrietta Sontag, was, in my opinion, the most finished performance I have ever witnessed on the lyric stage, both in song and play.

In Hamburg, also, Sontag was compelled to conquer her way. The public growled because they were asked to pay increased prices to hear a singer "who," said they, "is already well into the forties." Besides, at that time, the Hamburg stage had a singer in Sontag's line whom the public very justly held in high esteem, and whom not a few of her admirers thought unsurpassable. These latter looked upon Sontag's brilliant success as an injustice to their favorite, and it was whispered about that, on the evening they appeared together, there would be a demonstration. Of this Sontag was apprised by a number of letters, in which the writers—well-meaning people, no doubt—warned and entreated her not to sing in "*Figaro*," as her Hamburg rival would appear as the page. Sontag paid no attention to the letters, and appeared as *Susanna*, so completely overshadowing the page that even her opponents had to acknowledge her superiority.—"*Recollections of the Stage*," by Gustav zu Pullitz.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE is no rule, custom, or abstract principle, which authorizes a tradesman to demand of everybody the reasons wherefore he declines purchasing the wares offered to him. But there is a custom kindred to this among certain amateur writers for the press, which prompts them to assume that an editor has no moral or legal right to decline purchasing a manuscript without giving a good and sufficient reason for his decision.

There is no rule, custom, or abstract principle, which authorizes a tradesman to expect people to purchase his wares simply because his necessities are pressing, regardless of their own needs or tastes; but among amateur writers there seems to prevail a theory that this is what an editor ought to do. The peculiarly afflicted everywhere seem to imagine that periodicals are conducted on eleemosynary principles, and that it is the duty of their proprietors to extend a helping hand to every needy and struggling poet and story-writer in the land.

There is no rule, custom, or abstract principle, which warrants a manufacturer to expect his customers to give him a disciplinary training in his own business; but in literature an idea of this character is very prevalent. A writer, who finds his poem or essay rejected because it is deficient in literary finish, straightway implores the editor to point out its faults; to say how it ought to be altered; to give the writer the advantage of his experience in an elaborate review of the production under consideration.

Now, in very self-defense, editors must endeavor to clear up the mental confusion existing in this matter, and this is our apology for the present article.

Contributors ought to understand that their relation toward an editor, and the editor's attitude toward them, are simply and exclusively of a business character. The editor is in the market, so to speak, seeking for wares of a kind that will suit his purpose. The writer is also in the market, offering wares of the kind he can produce. The editor examines the merchandise offered him—for manuscripts are to an editor only so much merchandise, just as bronzes, statuary, pictures, and books, are merely merchandise when they become objects of barter—and buys or not as it may seem to him desirable. For one who offers this merchandise to demand explanations and reasons from the editor, is to make a demand he has no right to do. It is not always easy to give reasons, even if the editor be willing to do so. To analyze one's impressions of a literary production, so as to give a satisfactory reason for considering it a poor piece of workmanship—if that should be the reason for refusal—is by no means always an easy task. Sometimes, indeed, it is quite impossible to say

why the production does not impress one favorably. The "I do not like you, Dr. Fell," kind of estimate finds its way into editors' sanctums as well as elsewhere. Then the editor cannot always give his reason without wounding feelings or giving offense. If he should give his opinion in all cases, even when urged to do so, he would often find himself in the embarrassing position that Gil Blas did when similarly pressed by the touchy bishop. Perhaps it would be rendering a man a real service to say to him, boldly, "You have written trash, sir," but this sort of plain speaking is not tolerated in society, and is scarcely permissible in the world of business. The tradesman who would accept your decision not to purchase his wares with equanimity, would be sure to resent your depreciation of them. It is not certain, moreover, that it is at all the editor's business whether a literary article is "trash" or not. Perhaps "trash" is more in demand than good sense; and the writer, in obedience to this demand, has knowingly written trash. The editor to whom he first offers it may not want "trash," but that is no evidence that the next may not purchase it for that very reason. Considering literary manuscripts as only merchandise, it becomes an impertinence for an editor to express his opinion upon it. But, of course, if his opinion is asked for, this accusation cannot hold good. The position may be summed up as follows: It is an impertinence for an editor to volunteer his opinion upon an article submitted to him for acceptance; and it is an imposition for the person offering the article to expect the editor to give his time and attention to the elaboration of an opinion thereupon. One pays a doctor or a lawyer for an opinion: an editor also is an expert who, if he must give an opinion, ought, like those of other professions, to have his fee.

It should be remembered also that an editor has only use for a limited quantity of this merchandise. He may have to decline articles quite as good as those he has bought of others, simply because the capacity of his pages will not permit further purchases. If an editor has use for one poem a week only, why should his refusal to buy half a dozen poems a week—five more than he needs—be resented as a grievance?

But amateur writers not only exact opinions, but they also often expect to sell their productions for reasons apart from their worthiness. The editor is continually importuned to accept articles because the writers are in distress. A great many ladies of culture and good abilities, finding themselves for any cause impoverished, hurry into the literary field, and editors are always expected to aid them on pretty nearly the sole ground of their necessities. Of course, an editor is heartily glad if, by purchasing a manuscript, he can aid one of these unfortunates; but, if he permits his sympathies to bias his judg-

ment, he would soon swamp his publication in a sea of mediocrity. Whatever he can afford to give in charity, let him so give; but he must purchase literature just as he would purchase his paper, type, and ink, on account of their adaptation to his purpose. If any reader thinks it unnecessary to say all this, he judges in ignorance of the innumerable letters and applications of the kind an editor receives. Only recently the editor of this JOURNAL found it quite impossible to convince a lady that he could not be governed in his selections by any thing else than what he assumed to be the demands of his readers.

There remains the third misconception in this matter. Why, because it is an editor's business to read many literary papers in order to select a few, must he for this reason be forced into the position of an instructor? Continually he is asked to "kindly point out the defects" in a writer's style. Of course he would kindly do so if he were not pressed and driven by his duties—if his tasks were not onerous, and his brain not already wearied with taxing labor. He cannot conduct a journal and an academy at the same time. It is his business to purchase talent, not to create and train it. And, besides, if his inclination to do so were seconded by opportunity, he could render but little service. The books are open, and the great literary masters accessible to everybody. One who cannot learn to write by studying the accepted models in our literature, would not be likely to heed the second-hand instructions of an editor.

All this may seem very hard to young and enthusiastic writers, but it can do them no injury to understand that, while they are at liberty to offer their productions anywhere, they have no right to look for their acceptance on any ground whatever except that of their availability, which, it should be heeded, is a different thing from excellence. A good scholarly paper on a remote or unpopular theme often has to give way to a poorer-written paper on a fresh or timely theme. The refusal of a manuscript is no proof that it is not a good one; it is no evidence that the editor does not know it to be a good one—it is proof of nothing but that the merchandise has not gone to the right market. So, enthusiastic and hopeful young authors, don't abuse or sneer at the editor, but try your luck somewhere else.

—But a dim conception can be had, by a people to whom famine is unknown as a reality—and is but the faint rumor of a distant calamity—of the horrors attending an absolute failure of food over a large and populated territory. The mere statement, however, of the fact which has at last become too terribly clear, that for a period of at least five months a land inhabited by not fewer than sixty million human beings is destined to suffer from this scourge, with but faint hope

of any remedy which can operate generally, brings before the fancy a scene of such desolation that words cannot interpret or depict it. The English are forced to look this in the face as the prospect before the larger portion of their rich, prolific, and loyal province of Bengal.

The famine, indeed, has already begun; the docile and laborious Hindoos in the valleys of the Ganges and its tributaries—valleys accustomed to smile with the most lavish plenty—are at this moment suffering, and are eagerly consuming the new, soft rice, which inevitably brings with its consumption disease and death. Of the more than sixty million Bengalees, it is estimated that ten million at least, and perhaps thirty million—more people than there are in Great Britain, and three-quarters as many as there in the United States—will be actually involved in the calamity. Famine in tropical India, too, means far more than famine in a northern country. It is not only that thousands upon thousands will be doomed to die by literal starvation; the scourge never rages in a tropical clime that it does not bring with it attendants only less terrible. A famine is always followed by fevers and a host of epidemics; and these, coming upon a people gaunt and haggard with long hunger, weak from want of nutriment, and from whom all have fled who possibly could, reap a far more dreadful harvest than in their ordinary visitations. The famine, too, breeds crime among that half-civilized people, the inevitable result of desperation. Miserable, half-starved creatures wander about the desolate land, and the victims of the famine, whom it has not doomed, become the victims of their own lawless race.

England has good reason, indeed, to feel alarmed at the threatened desolation of Bengal. It is sad to see so large a population of docile and faithful subjects visited by a calamity so inexorable and awful. The active and generous philanthropy of England is roused to a keen sense of its duties. Humanity demands that no money shall be spared, no expedient left untried, to ameliorate the situation of the Hindoos. But this is by no means all. The Bengal famine has its very grave political aspect. It has an ominous connection with the maintenance of British ascendancy in the East. Were the English the most cold-hearted of races—which they are not, by any means—policy would compel them to use the utmost energy in dealing with the famine. More than half of their ability to sustain their rule in India rests upon the superstitious faith of the Hindoos in the omnipotent power of English civilization. The Hindoo believes the Englishman can do anything. If he can conquer and hold a race of a hundred and fifty million, if he can carry man and burden from Calcutta to Bombay at the rate of forty miles an hour, if he can transfer to the markets of the world

all that India produces as fast as produced, he must have the ordaining of all things; nothing is beyond his capabilities.

Once destroy his faith—let it be seen that England, with all her wealth, her ships, her railways, her absolute dominion, her stalwart energy, can do nothing to stay the ravages of famine, but must sit helpless by while millions perish—and Indian loyalty will perhaps give place to contempt, and be dissipated forever. But such a result, just at this time, will be of peculiarly grave moment. Russia has placed herself in the East as an avowed rival of England for its military and commercial control. Russian forces are on the Oxus, Russian garrisons are at Khiva and Samarcand; the Khan of Kashgar is virtually Russia's vassal. It is not unlikely that Russian agents are busy bidding for the friendship of the still independent rajahs of the Punjab. Disaffection among the Hindoos, which a general famine in Bengal will be almost certain to produce, may thus hasten the conflict for supremacy in the East, under circumstances peculiarly favorable to Russian ambition; and thus it were well for England to give *carte blanche* to her ministers, and loosen her purse-strings, if, indeed, it is not even now too late.

In one of the numbers of the JOURNAL of last August we took occasion to make a few comments on love and hatred, prompted by the assertion of an American abroad that a dormant hatred exists in England toward the people of the United States. We then declared that nothing is easier than to mistake popular feeling—that human nature is filled with a vast number of hatreds, and a vast number of likings, which continually change place in their relations to persons. The people of a town, for instance, are bitter rivals of another town, and yet united with those rivals in some common hatred for a third district, or in some common liking, such as a church-membership or a masonic fraternity. "In a group of fifty men of various places we should find almost every man united with almost every other man on some question, and bitterly opposed to each of the fifty, in turn, on some important or at least heart-felt issue." We recall these comments now because they exactly meet the accusation, recently made by Professor Goldwin Smith, that there exists in America a very strong hatred of Englishmen. As in the case of the American in England, who gave the motive for our former article, Professor Smith has mistaken the matter. He has not accurately analyzed the evidence he cites. A man in St. Louis or in Philadelphia, bent upon learning how the citizens of the first-named city feel toward Chicago, or of the latter toward New York, might readily be persuaded that an undying hostility prevailed in these cities toward their rivals. Nothing is easier than to find abundant expressions of hatred in a thousand matters, if we hunt for them, and nothing easier than to mistake the intensity or durability of these hatreds. There are some English

things Americans do not like; there are some American customs the English do not like; but once strike the key-note of some common bond of union, and the two peoples would forget all their minor antagonisms. Accusations like those of Professor Smith do great mischief. They are unworthy a man whom America has not been unwilling to honor.

The London *Spectator* tells us that our experiment of a constitutional republic is "a very questionable success—not nearly so great a success as might have been expected from a people so full of equanimity, so little given to grasping at vain shadows, so penetrated by all the great political qualities, as the American." If the *Spectator* would have us judge accurately of this opinion, it must state what it considers necessary for a political success. Does it look for invariably wise laws, the best leadership, the most brilliant parliamentary debates, the most satisfactory display of political talent in public places, as evidence of success? Or would it consider a political condition which gives to the whole people the largest personal liberty, the least possible interference of government in their affairs, the best opportunity for working out their purposes, the most general diffusion of wealth, the most notable examples of order, education, and prosperity—would it not accept this sort of record as proof of success? Every thing depends upon what is considered success, in order to determine the result of the American political experiment.

One of the pleasantest of veteran magazine writers, and one of the most genial of gentlemen, died, in Boston, on the 2d instant. The name of Mr. N. S. Dodge has often appeared in the columns of the JOURNAL, as well as in *Harper's*, the *Galaxy*, and other magazines; and it was always attached to something interesting to know, imparted in an easy, graceful, and familiar style. He had, to a happy degree, "the art of putting things;" and, modestly confining himself, for a long series of busy and active years, to contributions to the periodical literature of the day, which he began more than a quarter of a century ago, did not appear as an author until within a month or two of his death. His "Tales of a Grandfather about American History," published in the late fall, attest his fondness for and sympathy with the young, and his special capacity for interesting children; and he was at work upon reminiscences of a far from uneventful life, when suddenly, and without warning, he was taken away, at the age of sixty-four. Mr. Dodge was an American commissioner at the first London Exhibition of 1851, and resided in London for some time after; acted for several years as a quartermaster in the war; and occupied an office in the Treasury Department, at Washington, until a year ago, when he retired, and transferred his residence from Washington to Boston. He warmly attached himself to all who knew him well enough to recognize his cordial, social, affectionate, and enthusiastic nature, his constant high spirits, his genial humor, and bright conversational powers, and his rich store of literary and social anecdote; for he had traveled much, observed keenly what he saw, and was remark-

ably skilled in the use of language; and his charming society will be sadly missed wherever he has had his familiar haunts.

—Mr. Bright, we are told, has expressed the opinion that preachers ought to frequently change their ground, because "it must be a terrible thing to have to read or speak a sermon every week on the same topic to the same people—terrible to the speaker, and hardly less so to the hearers." But this view of a pastor's duties assumes that preaching a fresh sermon is of the first importance. It is recognising him as a preacher only, and not as a minister—as one whose influence and usefulness are determined wholly by what he may say to his people from his pulpit, rather than by those ministering services, those counsels, and sympathies, and spiritual confidences, that can only come when a clergyman has, after long years, grown fully into the affections of his parishioners. Refreshing as it may be to listen every week to such a preacher as Beecher, one can imagine a more powerful hold upon a people by such benign means as those exercised by the Acadian Father Felician, in Longfellow's story of "Evangeline."

Literary.

THE list of recent treatises in the literature of popular science includes several of more than ordinary value and importance. Three have been of special interest to us; and to these we would gladly attract the attention of many readers. "The Conservation of Energy," by Dr. Balfour Stewart, forms the seventh work of Messrs. Appleton's "International Scientific Series," which, long delayed by the care required in the preparation of its volumes, has now begun a rapid progress in its publication. Dr. Stewart's work, while, by the very nature of its subject, it is one of the most profound, is also one of the most thoroughly interesting of the series. The purpose of the book is sufficiently indicated by the title; its method is best explained in the author's own words: "We may regard the universe," says Dr. Stewart in his preface, "in the light of a vast physical machine, and our knowledge of it may be conveniently divided into two branches. The one of these embraces what we know regarding the structure of the machine itself, and the other what we know regarding its method of working. It has appeared to the author that, in a treatise like this, these two branches of knowledge ought as much as possible to be studied together, and he has, therefore, endeavored to adopt this course in the following pages. He has regarded a universe composed of atoms, with some sort of medium between them as the machine, and the laws of energy as the laws of working of this machine."

Occupying his first chapter with the question "What is energy?" Dr. Stewart answers it with a lucid and yet thorough description of the force of which he treats in its different manifestations; and the illustrations which he adds to this chapter make it the most nearly perfect exposition of the subject that we have yet seen in any one of the many essays written upon it. The second chapter discusses mechanical energy and its change into heat. The third is again more general, and deals with the forces and energies of Nature,

and with the law of conservation. Under these heads are treated gravitation, elasticity, cohesion, chemical affinity, electricity, etc. Transmutations of energy occupy the fourth chapter. The fifth reviews the history of investigation in this general subject, and treats also of the dissipation of energy. The sixth and concluding section concerns the position of life—with regard to the laws and forces that have been discussed—and to many readers this final portion of the work will have more interest than even all the rest. It is true, as Dr. Stewart writes, that while his readers have thus far been held to a discussion of the laws of force as they affected inanimate matter, and have not regarded their own position in relation to natural energies—"the conflict is not one which admits of on-lookers—it is a universal conflict in which we must all take our share." In a way that irresistibly carries his reader with him, he discusses the great relation of the animal organism to the forces of which his previous chapters have treated, and leaves us only asking for still more light—leaves us, that is, as science should in these days, in full sympathy with the mood of the truth-seekers. The value of Dr. Stewart's work has been greatly increased in this American edition by the addition to it, in the form of appendices, of two essays; the first is by Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, upon the "Correlation of Vital with Chemical and Physical Forces;" the second is Professor Alexander Bain's treatise on the "Correlation of Nervous and Mental Forces." We have used so much of our space in speaking of the main body of the volume, that we cannot here indicate the course of these two papers; but it is sufficient praise of them to say that they complete most admirably the discussion which Dr. Stewart has carried so far.

The other two of the three works to which we alluded at the beginning of this long notice are of smaller compass; but they are welcome books to all those who have at heart the cause of popularizing science. Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have published, as the ninth number of their "Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science," "The Stone Age, Past and Present," by E. B. Tylor, the well-known and justly-celebrated author of "Primitive Culture." The little treatise is one which needs no praise to commend it to any reader of the author's previous work; its publication in this form takes it from the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, to give it a still wider publicity. In the same number is bound Dr. Richardson's paper on "A Nervous Ether," a short but comprehensive and clear essay on the subject.

"Prosper," translated by the late Mr. Brisset from the French of Cherbuliez, and coming to us as the most recent volume of the "Leisure Hour Series," is a novel in which merits and defects are singularly mingled. Strong in its characterizations, vigorous, epigrammatic, full of life and action, it is, on the other hand, fantastic to the verge of absurdity, morbid in much of its influence, thoroughly in the spirit of the French school that sacrifices art to dash; and it provokes a feeling of dissatisfaction with one's self for having spent so much time in looking on at mere literary athletics. Prosper is a consistently inconsistent character, and, of course, the best in the book, as he should be; Didier de Peyrols is much more of the conventional type of French novel-hero, and we tire of him. Of the translation it must be said that it is admirable—one of the most perfectly successful and spirited we re-

member. The whole book is readable in a positively leisure hour; but that seems to us the only time we should devote to the consumption of its literary brandy-and-soda.

"The Insects of the Garden, their Habits," etc., by A. S. Packard, Jr., is the first number of still another series which Messrs. Estes & Lauriat design to publish—the "Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History," the first subdivision of which is to be called "Half Hours with Insects." This series will be more than interesting; it will be of the greatest practical value to large classes of people, and add a really noteworthy element to the excellent propaganda of which so many publishers have of late become the agents.

Art.

The Water-Color Collection.

THE seventh collection of water-colors, now open at the Academy of Design, comprises pictures of more variety than have ever before been gathered together here. American pictures are, of course, the most numerous, but there are capital examples of many foreign schools. Looking at a fresh picture with a fresh mind, it is almost impossible for any one but an expert to remember just how much it is better or worse than the painting he saw yesterday, and so people in general cannot decide whether they like best any especial English, French, German, or American picture, done in transparent color or *gouache*. We never saw so good an opportunity for students to study this species of art as they have afforded to them now.

Here are about five hundred pictures, carefully selected and well hung; and so great is their variety, both of subject and treatment, that the eye is constantly startled by new surprises. Looking hastily over the collection without a catalogue, the best manner of work, for breadth of treatment, of light and shade, and imaginative conception and subtlety of thought, seemed to us to be shown in pictures which we afterward found were the works of Fortuny, and, what was still more surprising, of Ruskin. In these two men the methods and manner seemed forgotten and left behind, in the absolute fluidity of the material to express their thought. We never before saw so many of Fortuny's pictures together, and the charm of immense technical knowledge now used with entire unconsciousness in the graceful pose in the figure of the old "Mandolin Player;" a gentleman, an exquisite, and a half-poet combined, had the curious charm of some queer melody on the violin. His brown, old, bare-shouldered "St. Jerome," too, is wonderful in its feeling of temperament and *corse*. We don't know any thing about Fortuny's education, whether he has thought much consciously, or how hard he has worked, but he is evidently an artist who was born one, as well as made one, and his pictures in their peculiarity live among the freshest impressions we have ever received from works of art. We were surprised at John Ruskin's pictures of the "Rocks of Schaffhausen" and "Falls of Schaffhausen," at the former more than the latter. Everybody is accustomed to associate minuteness of detail and pre-Raphaelitism with every thing to which Ruskin puts his pencil. This picture is very much the reverse of these qualities. The two great rocks look like a white head and a gray skull—breasting a rush of waters that emerges from a vague distance, and flies off behind the rocks, like the tail of a comet or

the mane of some wild horse. The picture is full of power and strength and motion; one is uncertain whether the big heads of rock are making up the falls or but holding their own against the torrent. The picture might be called sensational were it not that nothing in it appears to exceed the strict impressions of Nature. It reminded us of Victor Hugo, or Doré, with the exaggeration left out, and to be all the stronger in its effect from not, apparently, exceeding the strictly real. The other painting is not so good. An abyss of white waters pour ruthlessly against two pillars of rock, which seem as if they must stagger and fall in the whirlpools that surround them; but there is something pathetic in their weather and water worn sides. Mr. Ruskin may have meant this picture to be symbolic, and the other one, too, for that matter; so far as we can tell, they look a little so. The drawing of the rocks and waters in the former picture is perfectly free and bold, but in the "Falls of Schaffhausen," a suggestion of littleness in the touch and opaqueness in the color, takes somewhat from one's sense of artistic satisfaction.

These slight impressions of a first visit are but the beginning of what we should like to say about many fine pictures by Richards, Tiffany, Gifford, Miss Bridges, Harry Fenn, Bellows, and others, of which we hope to speak by-and-by.

Konewka and the Silhouette.

Until the publication of a well-known edition of Shakespeare's "Midsummer-Night's Dream," the word *silhouette* called to the mind of most people a stern, black profile of somebody's grandfather, framed in mahogany, and hung upon the wall of an old-fashioned country-house. The name is derived from that of M. Etienne de Silhouette, Controller-General of the Finances in France, in 1767, who recommended retrenchment and economy in private as well as public affairs, on account of the impoverished state of the treasury. The wits of the time instituted a number of mock reforms, and replaced the customary painted portraits by profiles à la *Silhouette*, traced with a black pencil on the shadow cast by a candle on white papers. This minister is scarcely remembered except by his name, which is now permanently identified with an art brought conspicuously into notice by the genius of a Polish artist.

But little is known in America of Konewka, who died at Berlin last year, at the early age of thirty-one. His father was a man of much ability, a native of Poland, but thoroughly German in mind and sympathies, and for many years held a prominent position in one of the universities. To his judicious care and gentle encouragement, Paul Konewka owed whatever success he attained in his particular branch of art, and from him he inherited that appreciative, sensitive nature which made him a universal favorite everywhere, in a peasant's cottage or a great lady's drawing-room. When only four or five years old, nothing delighted him more than to cut, with the scissors, forms of all kinds of animals and birds. Sometimes his tiny fingers could not master some obstinate duck or chicken, and then he would fly to the court-yard, chasing the poultry with the wildest glee, until the outlines of their feathery bodies became firmly impressed on his childish mind.

After having finished his studies at the grammar-school of his native place, the youthful Paul was sent to Berlin, where he spent some time in the studio of a distinguished sculptor. Finding that he was not likely to excel in modeling, he entered a celebrated

school of drawing. To this first course of study, however, are due the exquisite proportions which characterize all his productions. At the age of sixteen, he illustrated several German folk-songs, and issued an edition of Goethe's "Faust," filled with shadowy pictures of marvelous excellence, which proved how much beauty might be expressed by the hitherto despised *silhouette*. He far excelled this work by an interpretation of the "Midsummer-Night's Dream," where figure quaint little forms of an ideal fairy-world, in no wise notable as conceptions of Shakespearean character, but distinguished for singular grace of outline.

His other works are "Falstaff and his Companions," "Black Peter," a charming book for children, with an excellent portrait of the artist upon the title-page, where he represents himself cutting out pictures for a good child, whose hand is raised to take them, and a host of picture-sheets, published in Stuttgart, and sold for less than a cent apiece. Hundreds of his best cuttings have been irretrievably lost, for Konewka set no value upon them, as at any moment he could produce others of equal merit. He carried his scissors and black-paper everywhere, constantly making portraits of his friends, and copying odd or graceful figures he saw in the street. If a face pleased him at the opera, a ball, or in church, in an instant he would reproduce it; and, as in the case of a beautiful American girl, carry it about for weeks, asking every one he met the name of the unknown fair one. The ease with which he did his work, when his eyes were not upon it, was a matter of wonder and astonishment to his friends. He would make an exact likeness of the person he was conversing with, or a caricature so grotesque and humorous as to convulse the by-standers with laughter. One day, while calling at the house of a noted German physician, his host mentioned that, during his stay in America, his daughter used to ride upon a pretty pony. In a few seconds, Konewka presented the young lady with a charming imaginary portrait of herself upon the American pony. Another time he entered a *café* with some friends where a Capucine friar was dining. Some one spoke of his rare gift of catching curious expressions of form and feature, and begged him to copy their neighbor of the cowl. For a reply, Konewka handed him his clean white plate, upon which lay a miniature friar that he had cut under the table while his friend was making his request. One evening at a ball, while discussing some political question with an old general, he placed his hand in the breast of his coat, and there cut out the veteran warrior in full regiments.

In the summer of 1867 he began a tour through Southern Germany, but went no farther than Stuttgart, probably owing to want of funds. He was extremely poor while there, and was often obliged to decorate fans as a means of support. Deeply touched by a kind word or deed, he suffered often and keenly from some imaginary slight. For months at a time it was a question as to how he should get his daily bread, and when he did get a little money he spent it in wine, to drown his past and future cares. By degrees his friends deserted him, and literally passed by on the other side. His last work was an illustration of the popular folk-song, "O Strasburg, thou Beautiful City!" which represents a dying knight.

MUSIC.

THE Kellogg English opera-season met with a splendid success in New York, which the most sanguine of its friends had

hardly anticipated for it. Perhaps this is to be attributed more to the popular prices, and the curiosity of the public to see Miss Kellogg in a school of opera entirely new to her, than to the inherent love for English opera *per se*, but the consequence can hardly be otherwise than to pave the way for the permanent establishment of this branch of operatic art as a regular feature of amusement in this country. There is much to be said for and against English opera. But the argument against is one that addresses itself mostly to people of accomplished musical tastes, while the logic affirming the value of English opera comes warmly hence to the sympathies of those that love music in general. The translations of Italian librettos as the foundation of English opera can only have a transient popularity. The English language is full of sounds nearly impossible for the singer to enunciate without sacrificing the musical purity and beauty of the notes—sounds which close the throat instead of opening it, and make vocal emission in the high tenor and soprano registers a most difficult and trying task. This is particularly the case in the important connective parts of speech, the particles of which dialogue and recitative are full. The difficulty of singing highly-embroidered and complicated music to such words can be estimated then at half a glance. Could the librettos of the Italian operas, then, be translated and adopted by one alike accomplished as a musician in the principles of the art of singing, and as a literary scholar, his work might overcome, in large measure, the knotty problem to be solved. But, so far as the Anglicized librettos now in use are concerned, there can be but one sentiment among musically-cultured people—that of disgust and repulsion.

The composers of the standard English operas, Balfe, Wallace, etc., have evaded the difficulty of finding librettos perfectly adapted for recitative singing in English, by using only dialogue, and setting the music to ballad words that express detached lyric thoughts, and not dramatic movement. They have, therefore, succeeded in making beautiful musical dramas, rather than operas. We fear that this modification of the operatic school will continue to distinguish the English methods of opera, unless, as we have said before, some man of consummate genius and fitness can be found who will be willing to devote himself to the humble mission of writing librettos.

While the above-mentioned obstacle to artistic perfection in English opera will always exist in the minds of fastidious and exacting people, the arguments in its favor cannot but be triumphant in the case of the masses. Their clear understanding of each shade of the dramatic meaning of the operatic story, without the necessity of diverting their attention to the translation, oftentimes very badly done, will more than compensate for the want of musical finish, which they themselves rarely appreciate to its full extent.

The company of which Miss Kellogg is "the bright particular star" has constantly improved on better acquaintance. Of Mrs. Van Zandt and Mrs. Seguin nothing need be said, for their artistic excellence is universally acknowledged, and is justly a matter of pride among all lovers of music in this country. Mr. Carleton, the principal baritone, has proved himself the possessor of a voice of the most rich and mellow quality, as well as the power to use it in a conscientious and skillful fashion. This gentleman, it is to be hoped, will remain permanently with us, for his organ is too noble a one for us to lose.

His dramatic awkwardness is more than con-
doned by his musical value, aside from its
being a fault that further experience is likely
to correct. Mr. Maas, the new English tenor,
is entitled to a measure of approbation hardly
less. His voice is a delicious *tenore de grazia*,
smooth and liquid, with enough of reserve
force to make it effective in *forte* passages.
Of Messrs. Habelmann, Hall, and Peakes, all
of whom have acquitted themselves for the
most part to the satisfaction of their audi-
ences, the latter has disappointed his many
friends agreeably, many features of his inter-
pretations having been marked by superior
artistic excellence. Mr. Peakes's technical
shortcomings as a singer, which are not few
or slight, have been compensated for by such
thorough intelligence and sympathy of render-
ing that his lack of high musical finish is a
misfortune rather to be regretted than a fault
to be severely rebuked.

Miss Kellogg has special reason to be proud
of the excellence of her orchestra and chorus.
But few Italian operatic organizations which
we have had in New York for many years
past have surpassed them. What, then, re-
mains to be said but that Miss Kellogg's New-
York success has been amply deserved, and
to express the hope that it may be perpetuated
throughout the country for the rest of the sea-
son.

The Count de Gariac, in a work lately pub-
lished in Paris, gives some interesting infor-
mation about music in the countries of the extreme
East. The count himself is a musical amateur,
and found his violin as much of a talisman in
many cases as the magic flute of Papageno, in
Mozart's immortal opera. He attends a Chi-
nese concert given in two richly - decorated
halls, communicating by means of elegantly-
twisted columns, splendidly illuminated with
fantastic lanterns of colored glass, and orna-
mented with carved wood-work, grotesque
statues and gilt arbors. The musicians were
about ten in number, and took up their position
in a straight line at the end of the room.
The first banged a couple of immense cymbals
together, the second scraped a small and
strangely-shaped squeaking fiddle, and ex-
tracted sounds exceedingly metallic and dis-
agreeable. The gong occupied the place of
honor, and a very handsome woman repeated
the same chord on a broad sither, whose tinkle
was almost insupportable. Another female had
a broad drum between her legs, and a fine big
man knocked two pieces of wood against each
other, while a little fat party played affectedly
upon an interminable flute, which sounded like
the lamentations of some lost soul. Finally,
some singers sang a unison in a deeper, acute
octave, after a most singular fashion. M. de
Gariac compares the cacophony, when they all
played together, to that of some of the orches-
tras in small theatres. Occasionally they were
touched by remorse, and allowed the flute to
play on alone. The traveler quotes a musical
phrase of a most singular character, which
serves as a *ritornello* to all Chinese airs, and
says, "When these fourteen bars had been
repeated some fifty times, a dozen strokes
were repeated with the gong and cymbals to
break the monotony, just like the chords of
the diminished seventh with European mu-
sicians, and then the performers recommenced
again."

In Shanghai he heard, at the Roman Cath-
olic College, four Chinese converts perform a
quartet from Haydn very admirably, under
the conduct of one of the monks. Haydn in-
terpreted in China by Chinese, suggests ideas
full of wonder and interest.

Bumor has it that Ilma di Murska will ap-
pear for a short season of Italian opera, under
the management of Max Maretsek, at the Acad-
emy of Music. Where the artists are to be
found to support the prima-donna is a ques-
tion. They certainly cannot be found in this
country, and it will hardly pay a manager to
import a company for a short season. With-
out any very definite information, all that the
musical public can do is to wait.

National and Statistical.

Manufactures and the West.

THE reader need not be told that the foun-
dations of a broad and varied industry in
this country were laid in the patient toil, in-
domitable energy, and prudent foresight, of
our ancestry, gathered from the skillful ranks
of all nations, and that their descendants were
religiously taught that "at the flaming forge
of life fortunes must be wrought." That in-
dustry bequeathed was an unfettered one, and
now the nation witnesses the marvelous pro-
gress it has made. The value of the manu-
factured products of the country, in 1850,
reached the sum of \$1,019,106,616, and the
capital employed was \$532,945,351. In 1860,
the products of the manufactures aggregated
\$1,885,861,676, and capital invested \$1,009,855,-
715. In 1870, the manufactured products were
valued at \$4,282,325,442, and the capital invest-
ed aggregated \$2,118,208,769. These figures,
of course, are approximate, especially those
respecting the capital invested, as all capital-
ists are more or less inclined to think that official
inquiry into their private affairs is obtru-
sive, while a majority of business-men do not
know what they are worth, far less can say
what portion of their estate is to be treated as
capital. In 1850, the number of States and
Territories was thirty-six; in 1860, the number
was thirty-nine; and, in 1870, the number was
forty-seven. The number of manufacturing
establishments has grown from 123,025, in
1850, to 252,148 in 1870; and the number of
hands employed from 987,059 to 2,053,996.
The wages, in 1850, amounted to \$236,755,464;
in 1860, \$378,878,986; and, in 1870, \$775,584,848.

These decades have witnessed a most re-
markable progress of operative industry—an
industry that has exercised no little influence
in shaping the public and social organization
of the country, and the legislative policy of
the general and local governments. These
figures also involve the discussion of a multi-
tude of subjects, not germane to that which we
shall notice briefly—for instance, the relation
of materials to product, and the relation of
wages to product. An examination of the
tables of manufactures, for 1870, shows that
while one class of industries yielded a gross
product of \$143,000,000, and a net product only
\$6,000,000 less than that of another class which
has a gross product of \$840,000,000, the wages
paid in another class exceed those paid in still
another class by more than one hundred and
thirty per cent.; yet that industry, aggregating
but one-sixth as much as another industry,
makes a clear addition to the wealth of the
country equal to ninety-six per cent. of the net
production of the former, and actually pays
more than twice as much in wages. The out-
lier, who takes a few pounds of steel and pro-
duces from it a number of high-priced instru-
ments, realizes higher profits than the opera-
tive who tends a carding-machine.

Colonial industry, as shown, has developed
into a national one—from the first attempt at

manufacturing, in 1608, to the erection of the
last temple of industry in the newest town of
the country, on either side of the Rocky Moun-
tains. The New-England and Middle States
were the birthplace of American manufactures,
as were the celebrated industrial dependencies
of the "City on a Hundred Isles," the home
of Eastern manufactures; but the westward
march of material and operative industry in
America has not been so tardy as was that of
Continental Europe. What was accomplished
in five centuries in Europe has been realized
in our country in less than one hundred years.
In fact, some manufactures were more than a
thousand years in traveling into England from
the shores of the Bosphorus, and the manufac-
ture of silk was four hundred years in crossing
the Alps. This slow progress, as contrasted
with the wonderful growth of manufactures in
the United States, was caused by the conserva-
tive dread of innovation, the protection of
monopolies, and the lack of a collision of ideas
—a policy symbolized by that condition of
things in which the legislators of England, al-
though they understood the properties of light,
were ignorant of the circumstances which de-
termined the production of a loaf of bread, as
they were also of the principle which regu-
larly brought as many cabbages to Covent
Garden as there were purchasers to demand
them.

Talleyrand once said to the first Napoleon
that "the United States was a giant without
bones." There are those, no doubt, who re-
member when Andrew Jackson, after four
weeks of toilsome travel from his home in
Tennessee, reached Washington, and took his
first oath of office as President of the United
States. During that year Henry Clay was
struggling to make his name immortal by link-
ing it with the then vast project of building a
national turnpike from Washington City to
the banks of the Mississippi. In the autumn
of that very year George Stephenson ran his
first experimental locomotive from Manchester
to Liverpool and back. Since Talleyrand's
remark to the first Napoleon, our gristle, so
to speak, has been rapidly hardening, in the
shape of over seventy thousand miles of rail-
way-track, a tolerable skeleton even for a
giant. And the manufacturing industries of
the country have advanced in nearly the same
ratio, even to the planting of them in the wil-
derness. Equally with the sister arts of agri-
culture and commerce, manufactures have ad-
vanced with the increase in and westward
course of the population. That portion of the
compendium of the ninth census relating to
manufactures has concealed under its mass of
statistics that which is likely to soon occupy
the attention of political economists in more
ways than one. The figures for 1870 develop
the fact that the West is engaged in not only
raising immense crops, but in manufactures on
a large scale—on a scale that threatens, in the
course of the next decade, to weaken the power
of the New-England and Middle States so far
as the profits of operative industry are
concerned, and create a marked revolution in
the prices of manufactured textiles and cereal
products. It will no longer take four bushels
of corn to buy a yard of trousers-cloth, or a
car-load of wheat to pay the farmer's fare from
home to an Eastern city and return. An analy-
sis of the statistics relating to the progress
of the West in manufactures during the past
thirty years will show some important facts
bearing on this subject.

The values of the manufactured products
of the States lying north of the Ohio River and
bordering the Mississippi, in the years below
mentioned, were as follows:

	1850.	1860.	1870.
Ohio.....	\$69,692,279	\$121,691,148	\$269,712,610
Indiana.....	18,735,434	42,803,469	108,617,378
Illinois.....	16,534,272	57,580,886	205,630,672
Iowa.....	3,551,763	18,971,325	46,534,322
Kansas.....	11,169,000	4,267,408	11,775,832
Michigan.....	58,300	32,658,356	118,394,676
Minnesota.....	34,394,418	3,373,173	33,110,700
Missouri.....	9,293,068	41,783,781	206,213,439
Wisconsin.....		27,849,467	77,314,336
	\$146,348,543	\$346,067,963	\$1,067,194,846

These figures carry with them their own comment and significance. Including the mining production, the figures for 1870 show several millions additional, and in all represent nearly one-third the grand total value of manufactures of the country during the last decade. With its vast net-work of railroads, with which the Eastern States cannot compare; its long lines of water intercommunication; and the extra inducements offered by the several local governments to encourage manufactures, such as the gift of lands, and mill privileges, and exemption from taxation for a series of years, this marvelous growth, coupled with the many-sided, fertile, inventive talent of the average Western mind, is not to be wondered at. A further analysis of the statistics will show that but few of the Eastern States are now in advance of some of the younger of the Western States in the value of manufactured products. Excepting New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, which represent, in dollars, about one-half the total manufactures of the entire country, some of the Commonwealths enumerated overshadow the old seats of operative industry. Missouri, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan, too, are rapidly gaining upon the giant manufactures of New York, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts; and we dare not predict what the close of another decade may bring forth in this respect. The inference to be drawn from these facts is, that manufacture, like agriculture, is sooner or later destined to intrench itself in the heart of the continent, on both sides of the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers, leaving to the New-England and Middle States the work of supplying the wants of the people in that section, besides realizing a handsome foreign export trade, which will offset the loss occasioned by the manufacture and consumption of goods in the West. Of course, this new condition of things will bring with it a spirit of rivalry and competition alike mutually advantageous to all sections of the country, and tend to equalize prices of both the raw material and manufactured article. No doubt a great incentive given to the establishment of manufactures in the West during the past ten years has grown out of the transportation question, which to-day is of equal importance with the question of finance. It was only a few days ago that one of the Illinois senators, in Congress, asserting that the transportation of the products of the West to European markets costs, including the charges of the middle-men, three times the sum which the producer receives, declared, if the question was not met under the constitution, the West will establish more manufactures, that will amply supply their wants without going to Europe or to the Eastern States.

Science.

"NOTES of an Inquiry into the Phenomena called Spiritual" is the title of a paper contributed to the *Quarterly Journal of Science* by its editor, Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S., etc. Although occupying

twenty pages of a journal devoted to the dissemination and defense of scientific truth, the distinguished author does not hesitate to affirm that the phenomena he is prepared to attest directly oppose the most firmly-rooted articles of scientific belief, "among others, the ubiquity and invariable action of the law of gravitation." As a preface to the tabulated list of the various so-called spiritual phenomena, which is the main feature of this paper, Mr. Crookes gives a few hints as to the difficulties likely to be encountered by those who would enter these new fields. "Spiritualism, among its more devout followers, is a religion," he says, and "the mediums, in many cases young members of the family, are guarded with a seclusion and jealousy which an outsider can penetrate with difficulty." In other words, Nature, which has seen fit to endow certain of her weakest children with marvelous powers, has also chosen to couple the gift with an element of modesty that is, to say the least, an embarrassment to those of us who are in search of truth. It is gratifying to learn, however, that the distinguished investigator has met with favor in the eyes of these unwilling oracles. The reader will possibly be somewhat surprised to learn that, among these reluctant children of Nature, appear the names of the notorious Mr. Home and Mrs. Jencken, better known on this side of the Atlantic as one of the "Fox girls." But, though the successful impugning of a witness is regarded as a strong point by our legal brothers, we will not at present enter upon a task which, however hopeful, might savor of "preconceived prejudice." Furthermore, the writer, in these introductory passages, takes occasion to "correct one or two common errors which have taken firm possession of the public mind." First, he says, *darkness* is by no means essential to the successful appearance of these phenomena; second, certain times and places are not needed to insure their existence; and third, that it is not essential that the medium select his own circle of friends and associates at a *séance*. And now we come to the classified list of these phenomena, nearly all of which, the writer emphatically informs us, "have taken place in my own house, in the light, and with only private friends present, besides the medium." As we have neither the space nor inclination to review these wonders categorically, our readers must be content with the following, which, let it be remembered, Mr. Crookes claims to have *seen*, or *heard*, or felt: first, "the movement of heavy bodies with contact, but without mechanical exertion." If we mistake not, Tyndall has related some rather amusing experiences in connection with the observance of this astounding natural phenomenon, discovering that there appeared to exist an intimate connection between the movement of the table and the proximity of the medium's toes. Again, the "phenomena of percussive and other allied sounds," which Mr. Crookes places second in his list, was stripped of its mystery by the aid of an upturned wine-glass, to which the distinguished physicist above mentioned placed his ear, in order to locate the sound, this simple act being sufficient to cause a cessation of the phenomena of rapping altogether. Following these we have "the alteration of weight of bodies," "movement of heavy substances when at a distance from the medium," "the rising of tables and chairs off the ground, without contact with any person." "On five separate occasions," he tells us, "a heavy dining-table rose between a few inches and a foot and a half off the floor, under special circumstances which rendered trickery impossi-

ble." Shades of the departed Newton, what do you say to this? And who is this rival that would put to the fatal test your hitherto immutable law? Nor is this all. We have yet to be told of that which may well cause our frail bodies to tremble. Listen! "A beautifully-formed, small hand rose up from an opening in a dining-table, and gave me a flower; it appeared and then disappeared three times at intervals, offering me ample opportunity of satisfying myself that it was as real in appearance as my own." In the face of such a statement as this, what can be said? Here is a live arm, one of the members of the body that depends for its energy and life upon the action of the brain and heart, and yet there is no brain nearer than that of the medium; no hearts but those that beat in the breasts of the by-standers. Of course, if this was a real arm, then, during its appearance, there must have been, somewhere, awaiting its return, a dismembered trunk. Can it be that any truly thoughtful student of science can be so deceived? And yet Mr. Crookes believes what he says. This we will not deny. Hence, the only conclusion left is, that he has been made a dupe of—we use the term respectfully, and not without a sincere sentiment of pity.

The number and unusual density of the fogs which have prevailed along our coasts this season will add interest to the following facts relating to their influence upon sound. They are obtained from a condensed report of Professor Reynolds's paper "On the Destruction of Sound by Fog, and the Inertness of a Heterogeneous Fluid." It is established, on reliable testimony, that sound does not readily penetrate a fog. The bells and horns of ships, the light-house gongs, and even the noise from the wheels of street-cabs, are not heard so far during a fog as when the air is clear. The fog that prevailed during the launch of the Great Eastern was so dense that the workmen stated that they could neither see nor hear. It has also been proved that air penetrated by mist or steam is rendered very dull as regards the transmission of sound-waves. A careful study of this subject inclines Professor Reynolds to the opinion that the particles of water suspended in the air do not, as it has sometimes been supposed, break up the waves of sound by small reflections, in the same way as they scatter waves of light, but that the distinction of the sound is due, like the dullness of motion, to the fact that, when foggy air is accelerated or retarded, the drops of water also move through the air, and hence much of their initial energy is expended in fluid friction. As an instance of the retarding power of this friction, it is stated that it requires from three to five times as much pressure to expel the misty steam from a cylinder, as when the steam is dry. The effect of waves of sound traversing a portion of air is first to accelerate and then to retard it; and, if there be any drops of water in the air, they will allow the air to move backward and forward past them, and so cause friction, and diminish the force of the wave, just as a loose cargo will diminish the rolling of a ship. As rain does not act in a similar manner, the conclusion is that a certain degree of fineness must be reached before the retarding influence is rendered appreciable. Although these views are, to a certain degree, purely theoretical, yet they are of value in that they serve to reconcile certain hitherto doubtful phenomena.

There was recently laid before our readers a series of ingenious calculations, undertaken with a view to determine the actual mechanical

force exercised by the human heart in the performance of its regular functions. An enthusiastic admirer of those lesser children of Nature, the locust and flea, gives to the world the following highly-interesting information regarding them: "The locust," he writes, "can be heard a sixteenth of a mile. An ordinary man will outweigh fifteen thousand of them. Were his voice proportional to his weight, as that of the locust, he could make himself heard over one thousand miles. A flea weighs less than a grain, and leaps a yard and a half. Were a man of one hundred and fifty pounds weight possessed of equivalent agility, he could spring from the dome of the Capitol, at Washington, to China, in a single leap!" If we mistake not, the farthest recorded distance which the human voice has been heard is about twelve miles; and, though not in the possession of the sporting records, the writer was once present at a jumping-match, where the fortunate winner of the prize cleared forty feet in three standing-jumps. Evidently, man has yet much to learn before he can lay claim to the physical championship of the universe.

National Safety Paper is the name given to an ingenious and apparently effective paper, designed to secure certain protection against fraudulent alterations. The original feature of this invention is that the surface only of the sheet is tinted, the body of the paper being white. This tint is composed of diluted writing-inks; hence it follows that any attempt to remove from it ordinary ink-lines, such as signatures, figures, etc., results in the removal of the tint also, leaving the surface that has been tampered with white, and therefore readily distinguishable. By an ingenious application of the tint, the surface appears to be composed of closely-ruled lines, and thus its restoration is rendered next to impossible. We have submitted samples of this paper to the well-known acid and alkali tests, and the results were such as to substantiate the claims of the manufacturer.

One of the common arguments advanced by those who would attempt to prove the great age of certain skeleton remains found in caves is that they were located beneath stalagmite deposits that must have taken thousands of years to form. There has already been given in the JOURNAL certain evidence tending to prove that these deposits were formed much more rapidly than might be supposed. Further evidence tending to substantiate this is from Mr. W. Bruce Clarke, who discovered a similar deposit, one-eighth of an inch in thickness, upon some gas-pipe that had been laid but six months before. At this rate the deposit would form an inch in four years, so that a deep layer might cover bones that were of comparatively recent origin.

We learn from the *Mining and Scientific Press* that, in emulation of the Comstock, two or three other localities are after Sutro tunnels. White Pine wants one to run under White-Pine Mountain, and develop the wealth known to exist there. Another is wanted at Havilah, Kern County. There can be no doubt but that a judicious system of tunneling would add greatly to the gold and silver products of the West. And yet it is sincerely to be hoped that the enterprising citizens of these States and Territories will not come to Congress for money to pay for what are, in fact, purely private enterprises.

The King of Burmah is about to develop the iron-mines of Irawaddy, twelve miles from the city of Burmah. To effect this, an

entire plant of an iron-works is said to have been purchased in England for transportation. This includes two blast-furnaces, with puddling-furnaces, and the requisite engine-power.

At the January meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, M. Frémy was elected president for the ensuing year, M. de Quatrefages retiring from the post he has so ably filled.

ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 31, 1874.

Additions to Menagerie.

1 Toque Monkey (*Macacus pileatus*). Habitat, Ceylon.

1 Mottled Owl (*Scops asio*). Presented by Mr. I. Hoff.

1 Red-shouldered Hawk (*Buteo lineatus*). Captured in Central Park.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Additions to Museum.

1 Large collection of brains of various animals, in alcohol. Presented by Dr. Mason, of New York.

A. S. BICKMORE, Superintendent.

Contemporary Sayings.

THE Chinese official journal, in describing the interview which the foreign ministers held lately with the Celestial emperor, says the British minister was chosen to lead the diplomatic body. "When he had read a few sentences of his credentials, he began to tremble from head to foot, and was incapable of completing the perusal. The emperor asked: 'Is the prince of your country well?' But he could utter no reply. The emperor again asked: 'You have besought permission to see me time and again. What is it you have to say to me?' But again he was unable to answer. The next proceeding was to hand in the credentials; but, in doing this, he fell down on the ground time after time, and not a syllable could he articulate. Upon this Prince Khun laughed loud at him before the entire court, exclaiming, 'Chicken-feather!' and gave orders to have him assisted down the steps. He was unable to move of his own accord, and sat down on the floor perspiring and panting for breath."

The following is a letter received by Mr. Layard, the Eastern explorer, from a Mohammedan official, whom he had asked for some statistics of the city in which he lived: "My Illustrious Friend and Joy of my Liver: The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of inhabitants; and, as to what one person loads on his mules, and the other stows away in the bottom of his ship, this is no business of mine. But, above all, as to the previous history of this city, God only knows the amount of dirt and confusion that the infidels may have eaten before the coming of the sword of Islam. It were unprofitable for us to inquire into it. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things which concern thee not. Then comest unto us, and we welcome thee. Go in peace."

All the world has heard that the English Government has granted a pension to Mr. Martin F. Tupper. The London *Daily News*, commenting on the fact, says: "Mr. Tupper's chief claims to the regard of his fellow-countrymen, and presumably to the approval of whomever prevailed on the government to grant him a pension, are founded on his stating, in more or less intelligible language, a series of propositions regarding love, duty, religion, and such matters, from which no one can very well dissent. It is all quite true; or may harmlessly be accepted as true by those to whom it is addressed. We should as soon speak disrespectfully of the equator as to treat

Mr. Tupper and his works as of no account. The latter are as comforting to many poor souls as that blessed word Mesopotamia."

In the closing pages of the "The Parisians," Lord Lytton introduces us to a banquet characteristic of the days of the siege. Three of the half-starved Parisians—wit, beau, and butterfly—assemble at an unexpected feast, and, as it goes on, the kind-hearted butterfly discovers that its *material* is his beloved dog Fox, which he has kept alive with infinite care, and which, at last, his friend the beau has slyly sacrificed to the hunger of the three. "Ah, poor Fox," sighs the bereaved butterfly, as he contemplates the well-picked remains on the platter, "how he would have enjoyed those bones!"

The *Tribune* says: "The Terry Island Adventists are very much bothered to understand why the world did not come to an end upon the day which they appointed for that little event. Their newspaper organ 'regards it as incomprehensible.' 'We do not know,' says the editor, 'why we are here to-day. We have reviewed the argument. We do not find a flaw in it.' Then he candidly adds: 'Perhaps we and our followers are the simple-minded, foolish people the world at large esteems us to be—perhaps our hopes are a mere dream.' It appears to us that this gentleman's head, at least, is rapidly becoming level."

The London *Spectator* observes that "there is no instrument with which a thoroughly bad-hearted man can inflict more exquisite or undeserved pain upon his neighbor than with the pen, and perhaps no act into which the breakage of so many of the Ten Commandments can be concentrated as—fortunately, nowadays a sufficiently rare thing—a consciously false and malignant criticism. It combines theft of reputation and false witness with murderous cruelty; for, if few are killed outright by criticism, there have been many whose lives it has desolated, and whose peace it has destroyed."

A Revolutionary Masked Ball is to be given shortly in Philadelphia, and, *à propos* of this, the *Tribune* observes that, "if our hostesses have wit and wisdom enough to offer us for one night not only the petticoats and puffs of the Martha Washington era, but the stately courtesy of the young men, the stiff pruderie of the young women, the Johnsonian talk of their elders, as they all walk solemnly through the *minuet de la cour*, they will have given us a spectacle original and picturesque, and send us back with relief and fresh gusto to our loose clothes and slang and slipshod manners."

Commenting on the fall of Cartagena, the *Pull Mail Gazette* says: "Thus ends the most singular insurrection of modern times, which, if it has done nothing else, has served to show us what tricks History can play when she takes it into her head to enter upon a rivalry with burlesque. The truth of the events at Cartagena for the last few months has been not only stranger, but far more ridiculous, than any fiction; and, were it not that anarchy is never a laughing matter, it would be difficult to regard the whole business as any thing but a farce got up for the amusement of Europe."

The *Nation* conjectures that the reason why Walt Whitman and Joaquin Miller have come into some European popularity is that "both were Americans; both were wild and free, as the English croquet-ground counts freedom; both were rather lawless and turbulent, and refreshing to jaded appetites; one would wear no handkerchief round his neck unless he pleased; and the other, if he pleased, would wear his hair down his back, and surmount it with a Mexican *sombrero*, and, thus equipped, ride in the park."

In an article on "Dentistry," the *Saturday Review* drops into science, and says: "To any one who is anxious to prove 'material civilization' a mistake, the inquiry may be suggested. What effect has the invention of knives and forks had upon the teeth of those nations that have condescended to adopt the use of them? For these pernicious utensils plainly render good teeth less a necessary of life than they were before, so that people with bad teeth now survive, transmit their degenerate natural weapons to their descendants, and so on."

The *Tribune* says: "It was thought rather heartless on the part of Mrs. Hamlet to devour, in honor of her second, the funeral meats—cold—that had been baked in sorrowful remembrance of her first. But here is a buoyant person who turns the grave itself 'to favor and to prettiness,' and offers his mausoleum in exchange for his music. His advertisement—in a Philadelphia paper—reads thus:

"WANTED TO TRADE.—A VAULT IN MONUMENT CEMETERY for a PIANO. 227 North Sixth Street."

Upon that piano, if he ever gets it, 'Hark from the Tombs!' is the air that might be played with spirit and satisfaction."

A Chicago poet, who was recently informed that Madame Nilsson had built a shelter for cows on her land at Peoria, and, mindful of the catastrophe which led to the destruction of his native city, immediately dropped into poetry in the following wild and beautiful style: "Christine, Christine, thy milking do the morn and eve between, and not by the dim, religious light of the fitful kerosene. For the cow may plunge, and the lamp explode, and the fire-blend ride the gale, and shriek the knell of the burning town in the glow of the molten pall."

In one of his already famous "Lettres à Une Inconnue," Prosper Mérimée says: "You ask me if I believe in the immortality of the soul. Not much. Still, I find an argument for this hypothesis: How could two inanimate substances give and receive a sensation by a union which would be insipid if it were not for the idea attached to it? This is a very pedantic phrase for saying that, when two people in love kiss each other, they feel something different from what they would if they kissed satin."

An Aberdeen Sunday-school teacher, having written to Ruskin for some "thought" for his class, received the following response: "I should like to send your class some message, but have no time for any thing I like. My own constant cry to Bible-readers is a very simple one: 'Don't think that Nature (human or other) is corrupt; don't think that you yourself are elect out of it; and don't think to serve God by praying instead of obeying.'"

The *Christian Union* suggests that any ingenious persons who may be looking after something to reform, can find immediate employment by dealing with the interior arrangements of our promiscuous sleeping-cars. "If the system now in vogue continues, it will be vastly extended; and in that case nothing can prevent a serious deprivation of national manners, and a corruption of those fine instincts of modesty and decorum from which all good manners spring."

The *Saturday Review* observes that, "as a game, the art of blundering might be made very amusing. A great deal of humor and ingenuity might be shown in contriving corrections of other people's blunders which should involve a blunder of one's own. It would be just the thing for that curious form of imbecility which delights in drawing-room games, and which does not see that after dinner it is much better to go to sleep than to keep awake in order to make a fool of one's self."

Miss Kate Fields has been writing some of her lively letters to the *Tribune*—this time from Spain. "Madrid," she says, "goes to bed at eight A. M., breakfasts at one P. M., takes a siesta before going to the bull-fight at four, drives afterward, dines at seven, and later begins business. There are those abject enough to retire at night and rise in the morning. They are shopkeepers and secretaries of legation possessed of conscience. Conscience emulates the lark. It rises early."

The *Spectator* had a great disappointment lately because the dodo which it was announced had been discovered turns out to be a mere dodlet. "This," it says, "is almost as bad as being assured that a Methuselah had been discovered, and finding that we had only lighted upon an Old Parr. 'Decent respect,' as Charles Lamb said of his friend Crabb Robinson, 'shall always be' the dodlet's, 'but somehow short of reverence.'"

It is the *Nation's* turn now to urge the importance of index-making. It says: "A

good index to a good book is a means of making its utility tenfold what it was, and the index-maker, however ungrateful the task may have seemed, has done the next best thing to lengthening human existence: he has enabled those who profit by his labors to save time, and to concentrate their energies when otherwise they might have wasted them."

Punch made an "awful example" the other day of one of his friends in a way that may prove suggestive to other editors: Enter to Mr. Punch, who is writing his hardest for the evening post, a so-called friend, who is simply on the lounge. Friend: "Ah, my boy, how are you? Nearly five o'clock. How the days get out!" Mr. Punch: "Imitate them." Exit friend.

"Many people in our time," says John Morley, "have so ill understood the doctrine of liberty, that in some of the most active circles in society they now count you a bigot if you hold any proposition to be decidedly and unmistakably more true than any other, and pronounce you intemperate if you show anger and stern disappointment because men follow the wrong course instead of the right one."

The *Christian Union* says: "The present disdain of oratory in America is a shallow, narrow, and cynical sentiment, unworthy of our scholarship as of our patriotism, and destined, we believe, to a brief term of existence."

Says the *Christian Union*: "The vast and comparatively recent development of journalism as an instrument of creating and directing public opinion appears to us to have taken possession, in a considerable degree, of the function once performed by statesmen."

Mérimée says, in one of his letters, "I don't like relations; you are obliged to be familiar with people you never saw just because they happen to be sons of the same father as your own father."

Madame Nilsson thinks that, since we send our singers abroad to study, we ought also to demand the same experience and culture of the critics, who decide so dogmatically upon their claims.

The German papers say that, during his recent illness, the Emperor William followed *Macbeth's* example, and refused to take a drop of physic.

The *Tribune* informs us that "pandemonium is a dismal but much-misunderstood place."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JANUARY 20.—General Moriones is reported to have raised the siege of Bilbao, Spain.

Advices of the death, by suicide, at Zürich, of Field-Marshal Baron von Gableutz, of the Austrian service. Death of General Henry J. French, an eminent officer of the British army.

Elme Marie Caro, Alfred Mézières, and Alexandre Dumas, elected members of the French Academy.

Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia, burned; two firemen killed.

JANUARY 20.—Large fire at Cleveland, Ohio. The steamer *Glaucus*, of the Metropolitan Steamship Company, burned at her dock in Boston.

JANUARY 21.—Advices from the Gold Coast that the main force under Sir Garnet Wolseley had reached the river Prah, January 1st; the advance-guards had penetrated thirteen miles beyond the Prah.

Advices from Spain: General Martínez Campos arrested and imprisoned. The municipality of Bilbao offer to surrender the city to the insurgents in one week, but the besiegers grant but four days before making the attack.

Fall of a railroad-bridge over the Winoski

River, near Waterbury, Vt., while being tested; two men injured.

Advices that twenty men, engaged in chopping wood near Fort Rice, Dakota Territory, have been murdered by Sioux Indians.

FEBRUARY 1.—Advices from Cape-Coast Castle that the Ashantees have sued for peace. Sir Garnet Wolseley refuses to treat with other than the king, at Coomassie.

Report that the Sultan of Achén is dead, and the Achinese War virtually at an end. Large fire at South Norwalk, Conn.

FEBRUARY 2.—Several Spanish ministers at foreign courts have been recalled.

The floor of a factory in Lancashire, England, where a meeting was being held, gives way; six persons killed and many seriously injured.

Large fire at Constantinople.

Central-American news: Marshal Gonzales, being dissatisfied with Señor Arias, the provisional President of Honduras, ordered Señor Leiva proclaimed in his place, which met with serious opposition by the people and government. Latest news report Señor Arias shut up in Comayagua, and that Señor Leiva has established his government at Leguigalpa.

Death, at London, of James Matthew Cape, connected with the London press in capacities of Parliamentary reporter, correspondent, and critic. Death of Right Hon. Duncan McNeill, in London; age, eighty-one; created Baron Colonsay in 1867.

FEBRUARY 3.—The Carlists threaten to begin the bombardment of Bilbao, Spain, at once. General Moriones is receiving reinforcements, and will advance to its relief.

B. L. Bruce, negro, elected United States Senator from Mississippi.

Large fire at Memphis, Tenn.

Death, on Long Island, of Captain David Ritchie, an officer of the United States revenue marine. Death, at Boston, of N. S. Dodge, well-known *littérateur*, aged sixty-four.

FEBRUARY 4.—Elections for new Parliament have been proceeding in Great Britain; general gain of the Conservatives; up to this date, one hundred and forty Conservatives and one hundred and eight Liberals elected.

Advices from the African Gold Coast that the British troops have advanced to within a day's march of Coomassie, the Ashantee capital.

Notices.

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